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Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 3

JULY, 1925

No. 1

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Published Quarterly
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STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
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ELK MOUNTAIN IN CARBON COUNTY—Courtesy of the State Department of Agriculture



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THE FREIGHTING BUSINESS

As early as 1856 freighting supplies to the Government Posts on the Plains with ox teams was a very extensive business. The Plains so called included all the country West of Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains on West to the Pacific Coast—freighting was more than doubled in 1859 on the discovery of gold in the Pike's Peak Country and throughout the Rocky Mountains from 1860 the business became immense; one traveling the roads would scarcely be out of sight of teams at any time during green grass season. Such was the case on most all the roads leading across the Plains, especially the route up the South Platte River and especially West of, and on above the junctions of the roads from Leavenworth, Kansas, Atchison, Kansas, St. Joseph, Missouri, Nebraska City and Omaha, Nebraska. The main junction was 10 miles below old Fort Kearney, Nebraska. Up to 1868 the business became very general and very profitable—prices for hauling freight depended on the bulk, bulkey freight as high as \$2.50 to \$4.00 per 100 pounds for 100 miles heavy freight as high as \$1.50 to \$2.50 per 100 pounds per 100 miles—teams have been known to pay for themselves in a trip, and it necessarily should pay well, for the several tribes of Indians were very troublesome after 1864, and during that year the freighters and travelers were attacked on some part of "each road almost daily the North and South Platte Routes, the Smokey Hill route and the Arkansas or Southpass route," on each of those routes the travelers suffered very much. Indians would dash upon a train from their concealment and fire as they made a circle and dash out of sight and repeat such dashes as long as they had any hope of success, occasionally killing or wounding herders and men at the train and running off stock; many a train has been left without stock to move it for weeks. Often trains would travel double file for safety—all trains have a right and left wing—a full train consisted of 26 wagons; in corraling the cattle on the right wing "Cattle were harnessed to pass to the right of the wagon in front placing the near front wheel in two to five feet of the off hind wheel thereby making with the left wing, corraling in the same way each making a half circle, 2 half circles are formed in which to yoke up the cattle—or mules and in case of an attack by Indians the wagon boss will reverse the two wings by corraling each wing on opposite sides reversing them and the cattle being ironed fast on the inside of carroll thus protecting the stock and men from the fire of the Indians—often men have been killed or wounded and stock

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killed, though many an attack has been repulsed so promptly and vigorously that Indians would soon withdraw; it was customary for each teamster to have his gun and ammunition strapped on the side of his wagon and ready at all times. I was with my cattle train attacked several times by Indians on the plains but only twice that they gave me anything of a contested battle; one of those times was in 1864 near O'Fallon's Bluffs on South Platte. I had my cattle corralled on the inside of corral and after 5 hours the redskins withdrew with but little damage to us, save three steers. We were firm in the belief that we killed or wounded 3 Indians but who was carried off by their friends—another time I with my train was attacked near Bunker Hill Station on the road from Ft. Hastings to Fort Hayes, Kansas. My men having their guns handy and prompt use of them after corraling with cattle inside—caused the Reds to withdraw after making 3 dashes leaving us unharmed.—A. W. Haygood.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD FREIGHTER

About fifty years ago, in company with my boy chum, and man friend, Daniel Weller, I left Michigan, bound for the Rocky Mountains. My brother, then living in Kansas, had written me that he was about to leave that State; having been swindled out of every thing he had through buying a farm on the Neosho river.

Said farm having proved to be, a part of said river, for about six weeks of the year. On hearing from me, that I would soon be starting west, he proposed that we meet at Lincoln, Nebraska, and outfitted there for a trip across the plains. As an outcome of this arrangement, the three of us left Lincoln with a four horse team, bound for Wyoming. About one hundred and fifty miles out from Lincoln, we fell in with an emigrant train headed for the State of Washington. The men of the party, held a meeting, and voted to allow us to join the train, on condition that we do our share of guard duty, obey the Captain, and conform to the rules, and regulations governing the outfit. Well we had no better sense than to join them. We could have made much better time, and kept our stock in better condition, if we had continued to travel by ourselves. This train was made up of forty wagons, with a corresponding number of families. Every night before going to bed, the men would bring in their stock, and lock them to the wagon wheels. We either hobbled our horses, or picketed them out, and left them out through the night. Some of the people in the train, were seventh day Advents, some of them were Sunday people, and some didn't seem to have any religion, so that you could notice it. The Advents wouldn't travel on Saturday, and the Sunday people wouldn't travel on Sunday, so we had to lie over two days of every week. Our fellow travelers were, for the most part a jolly lot of people, and we got along with them fine. There was one man, however, that was just a chronic crank. I will call him Seabold (though that was not his name). Nothing was ever done right. We nev-

er started early enough, and we never drove late enough, or made camp in the right place. One day Dan killed a jackrabbit, and we cooked it for supper. Mr. Seabold came by as we were eating, and we asked him to sit in and join us. "Why," said he, "I'd just as soon eat Crow as jackrabbit." "Well," said I, "that's just as any one's been raised. I'd sooner eat rabbit." "Young man," said he, "I want you to understand, that I wasn't raised on crow." "That will be all right," said I, "neither was I raised on jack rabbit; but it seems to be rather an agreeable change from pancakes straight, and I reckon we'll take a chance and finish it."

One day we came in sight of Elk Mountain, which, at that time had considerable snow showing up on the side facing us. Mr. Seabold was so disgusted with the sight of snow in the summer time, that he got his wife to drive the team, and he crawled back in the wagon, and went to sleep. After a few hours he woke up, and lifting the wagon sheet, at the side, looked out. "Well," said he, "I'm glad we got by that d—d snowbank." "No," said Mrs. Seabold, "you may as well go back to sleep for that d—d snowbank, is right there ahead of us where it's been all day." We were traveling on the Bitter Creek trail; but left the wagon train at Pinegrove, and crossed over to Rawlins, and from there through Whisky Gap, and struck the old Mormon trail below Three Crossings, on the Sweetwater river. There was no direct road from Rawlins to Lander, at that time, and it was a very round-a-bout way we had to go.

At Bellsprings, sixteen miles out from Rawlins, we came upon the camp of four prospectors bound for the Bighorn Mountains. We were glad to join forces with them, for we had to pass through the Arapahoe country, and those Indians were some hostile, at that time. The four prospectors were all Germans, and I want to say right here, they were as fine a lot of men as I ever met, or wish to meet.

Two of our new friends, rode about two hundred yards ahead of the teams and one of them rode about one hundred yards in the rear. We carried plenty of water in kegs, and would stop about five o'clock in the evening, and cook our supper, and then move on to a suitable place for the night camp. We never had any fire in the evening; but would build a fire in the morning to cook our breakfast. At Three Crossings we came upon a smoldering Camp Fire, and the signs indicated that quite a large party of Indians had camped there the night before. Their trail led away from the river toward Poison Creek. Our "Van guard," as we called the two horsemen who rode ahead of the teams, followed their trail until they were satisfied that they had left that part of the country. We followed the Mormon trail to St. Mary's on the Sweetwater, finding a trail that led from there across to Lander. We parted with our four friends at Baldwin Creek, in the Lander Valley. They going on to the Big Horn Mountains in search of gold. I never saw any of them again. I hope they were successful; but if they found gold in paying quantities, they were more fortunate than many others, who came back from there saying they couldn't raise a color.

In December '77 my old freight partner, Dan Weller, and myself made a trip to Bryan on the Union Pacific and hauled in the Wilson Grist Mill. This mill was set up on the North fork of the Popoagie, and was run by water power. At this time all freight for the Windriver valley was hauled from Bryan. W. P. Noble had a contract to haul the years supply of flour to the Shoshone Agency from Bryan, and sublet the contract to Garrett & Weller. When Green river was up we had to cross at Calhoun's ferry. We were crossing there one day, and had loaded the wagons on the boat, and also the white bell mare, leaving the stock to go over next trip. One of my mules, seeing the boat leave the bank, with the old bell mare on board, plunged off into the river, swimming after the boat. Green River is a wicked stream to cross, when it is running full bank; but old Tom kept at it, trying to follow the boat, and the current taking him downstream; but along headed toward the boat.

As soon as we were at the landing, I jumped on the bell mare, and rode her down the river. The mule then headed for the bank, and came out fully a quarter of a mile below the landing, none the worse for his swim. We had to cross the Big Sandy, at McCoy's ranch fifty miles out from Bryan. There was no bridge, and the snow melting in the mountains had raised the water in the river, until it was almost past fording. I was driving in the lead, and drove in without stopping to drop off my trail wagon, as I should have done. The water ran over the mules backs, and I got stuck in mid stream. Dan brought in six head, and hitched on ahead of my eight, yet we couldn't start the wagons. The water was fully up to our arm pits, and almost ice cold. I had to get down under my lead wagon, and uncouple the trail. I had the "Toggle joint" secured with baling wire, and by the time I got the thing loose, I was glad to come up for air. We got the lead wagon out, and went in again with fourteen head of stock to haul out the trail. I had to get down under water again to fasten a chain to the trail tongue. We were three hours getting our outfit across. Two women at the Ranch house were watching us, and seemed greatly amused; but to us "poor sons," it was just about what General Sherman said war was, only a whole lot colder.

We were camped on Little Sandy, one evening when a very wild looking Indian rode up on a fine horse, and leading a large young mule. He was all decked out in war paint and feathers, carried a Winchester and sixshooter, and looked the perfect specimen of the "Noble Red Man," on the war path. I said, "How? Where you catchie mule?" "Stole 'im b——g—— can't you speak English?" He proved to be the Notorious Ute Jack, on his way to the Shoshone Agency. This, however, proved to be his last trip, before he entered the "happy hunting grounds." There was warrant at Fort Washakie for his arrest; and a sergeant and squad, went down to the Agency to arrest him. Jack stood them off. A Lieutenant went down with a troop of cavalry, and Jack stood them all off. The Lieutenant sent to the Post, and brought down a cannon, and shot the tepee all to smithereens. When the soldiers ap-

proached the place where the tent had been, they found Ute Jack dead and cold.

In the fall of '79, I was in Rawlins after freight; when Joe Rankin made his famous ride from near White River, Colorado, to Rawlins to summon help for the Government troops corralled there by the White River Utes. Much has been written about that wonderful ride, and much has been written about the Meeker Massacre, and the Ute War; but as I was somewhat familiar with that Country, and have often talked with men who were in that Country when it occurred, and was myself for years, engaged in freighting there, I will venture to record some facts, that may be of interest to some of the younger generation.

On the 29th of September '79 the Ute Indians at the White River Agency killed the Indian Agent Mr. Meeker, and the men employed at the Agency, took Mrs. Meeker and daughter Josie prisoner, and held them three weeks, before they were rescued by General Merritt's troops. Before killing Mr. Meeker they hitched him to a plow beside a pony, and prodded him along as long as he could stand.

At the request of the Indian Agent Major Thornburg had been sent to the White River country with a company of Cavalry. The Indians attacked Thornburg's command killing Major Thornburg, and killing and wounding some of the troops. The soldiers dug pits in the ground, and having their guns and some ammunition, they managed to stand the Indians off until help arrived. Two men volunteered to go for help. One was Joe Rankin, Government Scout, and the other was a private soldier, whose name I have forgotten. Rankin was to try to make it to Rawlins, and the soldier was to try to get to a Fort down on Grand River, that was garrisoned by a company of colored troops. Both men got away safe, and made it through. Rankin made it through to Rawlins, one hundred and sixty miles in twenty-four hours. Whenever he found a horse that he thought would carry him farther than the one he was riding, he threw his rope on it and kept going. When he got to Timber Lake, eighty miles from Rawlins he found that the stage station there had not been molested, and from there to Rawlins he got a fresh horse at every mail station. In response to the call for help, General Merritt came to Rawlins on a special train, and he with his troops made it through in forty-eight hours on one set of horses, and the ambulance teams kept up with them. The colored troops were first to reach the besiege soldiers. They charged through the Indians, and jumped into the pits, carrying canteens of water, and sacks of grub, and were greeted with cheers by the half starved boys in the pits. Merritt's command arrived on the scene six hours later, and then things began to happen. With Merritt's troops on one side of them, and the boys coming out of the rifle pits, and giving them hail on the other side, the "Noble Red Men" soon had a plenty. The soldiers followed them around for about three weeks before they decided to give it up and be good Indians.

John C. Davis—more familiarly known as Jack—went out with Thornburg's command, driving a suttler wagon for Hugus & Company of

Fort Steele. He was wounded in the foot, and was reported killed. He proved to be very much alive however, and got back as far as Snake River, and was sitting in the sutler tent there, when a man drove up with a long box in his wagon. Mr. Majors recognized the man, and said "Hello Bill what you got in that long box?" "Why," said Bill, "I've got a coffin in this box. Jack Davis was killed by the Indians and Judge Hugus sent me out to bring in his remains." Jack was listening inside the tent. "Bill," said Jack, "you go back to Ft. Steele, and tell Judge Hugus, that Jack Davis 'aint ready to go in his coffin yet; and tell 'im I'll bring in my remains myself, as soon as my foot gets a little better."

John C. Davis became a very successful and enterprising business man. He was killed in a train wreck some years ago.

The Gordon brothers were engaged in freighting from Rawlins to the Ute Agency, at the time of the outbreak. They had two wagon trains on the road. One train of horse teams, and one train of oxtteams, or Bull teams as we always called them. George Gordon had charge of the horse teams, and John was the wagon boss for the Bull teams. As they were nearing the Agency, John Gordon stopped his train, for the horse teams to pass. Just as they were passing, the Indians jumped them. George Gordon, and all his teamsters were killed. John Gordon, and one Bull-whacker escaped, and walked back to Rawlins. The Utes drove off the stock, took as much of the freight as they wanted, and burned the wagons.

Late in the fall of '81 we were camped for the night, on Beaver Creek, on our way to Fort Washakie. Just before dark, two trappers hit our camp and asked to use our fire to cook their supper. We told them we had supper nearly ready, and they would be very welcome to join us; which they did. One of the men was a discharged soldier, and was with Thornburg's command, and was one of the boys holed up in the rifle pits. From him I got many of the facts herein mentioned. He was a bright lad, and we sat by the campfire for hours, listening to his droll recitals of the haps and the mishaps of that campaign. He said, "I always hated a nigger. I never had any use for them in anyway; but when those big black fellows came jumping into the pits with all the water and grub they could pack; I just loved those niggers." We put in part of the winter of '79-'80 in Rawlins. What with the soldiers quartered there, the Cowboys and freighters there, the gamblers, and the "demimonde," that little old town of Rawlins was something fierce. It was said that the average was a dead man a day; but that of course was greatly exaggerated. However, there was plenty of shooting and plenty of killing, and it's "ten thousand wonders, and Gods Pity" that saved the town from the fate of Sodom.

The Government established a military post on White River, and continued it there until the Utes were moved to a new reservation in southern Utah. I think it was in '81 that the Government took on an economical streak, and compelled the Indians, at the Shoshone Agency, to haul their own freight. They were furnished with harness, and three inch wagons. Four ponies were hitched to each wagon, and it took two

Indians to drive. One drove the wheelers, and the other drove the lead team. One wagon train was manned by the Shoshones, and another by the Arapahoes. Each train had a white man for wagon boss. These wagon bosses had no control over the Indians whatever. Their particular job was to disentangle the ponies when they kicked over the traces, keep the wagons greased, and repair the harness. The Indians would often make camp at Crook's Gap, take a few weeks, "lay off" for a hunt in the Red Desert, and get back on the job when they felt like it. The average load for each team was one thousand pounds. You can form your own opinion as to the saving realized by the Government. We freighters called it all bunk. Wm. McCabe was wagon boss for the Arapahoe train. He was an old Government Scout past sixty, and a man noted for his honesty, and fair dealing; respected and liked by all who knew him. One time when the Arapahoes were in Rawlins after freight, McCabe went into town, and was spending the evening on "lower row." On starting for Camp he was followed by two men, who knocked him down beat him to insensibility, and took all his money. When he became able to talk, the Sheriff asked him if he knew the men who robbed him. "Yes," said Mac, "I know them well." The Sheriff tried to get him to give their names; but McCabe refused to tell who they were. "When I get well," said Mac, "I'll settle with them, without any help from the law." At a saloon on "lower row," in the good old town of Rawlins; a crowd had gathered as usual, and although most of them were pretty well "stewed," they were all in good humor, and inclined to be peaceable. Among those present, was a man we called Big Mike, a man with the strength of two ordinary men, but never quarrelsome or overbearing. During the evening William McCabe walked into the saloon, a man was standing near the bar, McCabe walked up to him, put his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Turn around to the light, I want to get a good look at you." The man turned around, and McCabe, saying "you're one of 'em," shot him through the head, killing him instantly. McCabe, still holding the gun in his hand said, "Any of you gentlemen want to interfere in this matter?" Big Mike threw up both hands, and said, "God Bless your soul, no Uncle, we don't want any of that." The next morning the Sheriff procured a warrant, and went to the Indian Camp and arrested McCabe. The Indians saw the Sheriff coming, and knowing what had happened, got their guns and told Mac, that he didn't have to go, if he didn't want to. Mac told the Indians to put away their guns; that the Sheriff was only doing his duty, according to the law.

McCabe was charged with murder in the first degree. He took a change of venue to Sweetwater County, and was found not guilty by a jury of his friends and neighbors. This verdict may seem at the present day to have been a flagrant violation of the law; but to us, at that time, it was considered an act of justice, in the fullest sense of the term.

After he was arrested, McCabe gave the name of the other man who had helped to rob him. Although this man had been seen in Rawlins on the night of the killing, he could not be found next day, and so far as I

know has never been seen there since. At the trial, Big Mike was one of the witnesses. In accordance with his normal condition, Mike was pretty well "lit up," and created quite a sensation by making a motion that the judge adjourn court and all go out and get a drink.

Owing to the increased amount of freight to be hauled to White River, the contractor could not get teams enough to move it, and the Government engaged sixty string teams to come up from Alamosa, paying them twenty-five dollars a day, and everything furnished, in the way of feed and rations. These teams traveled in trains of about twelve teams to the train. They were allowed a very liberal amount of hay, and there was always a lot of hay left on the ground where they had camped at night. We would follow up one of these trains, camping at night where they had camped the night before. In this way we got plenty of hay for our stock, and it was the only way we could get it; for the Government had bought up every pound of hay, to be had between Rawlins and White River. The snow was very deep, especially between Timber Lake and Bear River, where much of the way it was fully three feet deep on the level. Dan said, "It was very kind of Uncle Sam to send out these teams to break trail, and furnish us with free hay."

The deep snow came early in the fall of '79, and some of the ox-team freighters lost nearly all their stock. At what was called the Bull Camp, near Lay Creek, Bill Williams lost 80 head of "Work Bulls," that died of starvation.

About the first of February '81 after getting in off the White River Road, we took on a load of freight for Fort Washakie. We found the road if not passable, at least possible, until we got to Lost Soldier Creek. From there over the divide the snow was all the way from three feet deep on the ridges, to ten feet deep in the draws. We were fourteen days getting from Lost Soldier Creek, to Crook's Gap, a distance of fourteen miles, and we made the last seven miles in one day at that.

Right there, we had to admit, that the freighter's life, was not one continual round of pleasure.

Our stock was a mixed lot of horses and mules. We had plenty of grain, but could get no roughness for the stock, not even sage brush. We had a lot of paper targets piled on top of our wagons, and the poor beasts ate them all, they also ate the boxes off the goods, and nearly ate up our wagon beds. We lost some mules in the snow, for before we got through the mules would not eat the grain. Our horses all came through alive, for unlike the mules, they would eat all the oats we dared give them. When we got to the Post the Quarter-master Sergeant, refused to unload us. I went down to the office and brought up Lieutenant Elting, acting quartermaster. He said to the Sergeant, "Why don't you unload this freight? Said the Sergeant, "Look at it, look at the condition of it." "Well," said the Lieutenant, "What do you expect them to do with it, haul it back to the Railroad? Put this freight in the warehouse." The Lieutenant said to me, "You will have to come down to the office, and sign an affidavit. After we had unloaded I went down to the office, and

the Quartermaster told the clerk to write out an affidavit for me to sign. The clerk turned to me, and said, "What is the excuse?" The Lieutenant gave me no chance to reply; but said to the clerk, "Bad roads, bad snow, bad bridges, make out a good strong affidavit. These men are 31 days behind time on their bill of lading, and their freight is in terrible condition." The clerk made it plenty strong, and I swore to it with a clear conscience, and the Quartermaster gave us a clear bill. I asked Lieutenant Elting if he ever sold good out of the Commissary to Citizens. He said, "seldom, but I suppose I could if circumstances warranted it." I told him our "circumstances" were about as bad as they could be, and he gave me an order to buy fifteen dollars worth of provisions out of the Commissary at Government prices. I got more for that fifteen dollars, than I could have got at the Post Traders for seventy-five. A man named John Riley was on the road that winter loaded with Government freight. He lost every hoof of stock he had, and came in on foot. Lieutenant Elting sent out two six mule teams to haul in his load, and gave him a clear bill. I always look back on that trip as about the worst ever. To say that we were short of grub don't tell half of it. One evening as I was making coffee, I said to Dan, "We've only got enough coffee left to do for breakfast." "If that's all we've got," said Dan, "we'll have it good and strong for the last," and he got up and chucked it all in the pot. Dan was never in favor of cutting down on the rations. He'd say, "it's no use to prolong starvation, we'll eat while we've got it and when it's gone we'll go without."

In '81, Dan got married, and settled on a ranch in the Lander Valley. I bought his share of the outfit, and continued freighting until I sold out in '84. When the order came to abandon the military Post on White River, there was on hand at the Post, about three hundred thousand feet of unused lumber, and two hundred thousand pounds of grain.

The grain and lumber could have been sold where it was at a fair price; for that country was settling up very fast, and the grain and lumber was needed there. But no, that would have been against all army regulations and contrary to the rules and regulations in such cases made and provided.

The grain and lumber was hauled to Rawlins at a cost of \$2.20 per cwt, and shipped to Fort Leavenworth, at what ever cost the Railroad Company was pleased to charge; where corn at that time was worth about 15 cents a bushel, and the value of the lumber would not amount to half the cost of transportation.

I know I've made this article altogether too long and tiresome, and I'll say but little more. Dan, my old freighting partner, is now living in southern California with his estimable wife, in comfort and contentment. I spent the winter of '22-'23 at the West coast, and not the least of the many happy days that I enjoyed in that land of flowers, were those spent with old Dan, talking over old times, "In the days when we were pioneers fifty years ago."

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) T. S. GARRETT.

THE HOLY TERROR

Bill Nye Interviews a Bad Young Man of New Hampshire

While in New England trying in my poor, weak way to represent the "rowdy west," I met a sad young man who asked me if I lived in Chi-enne. I told him that if he referred to Cheyenne, I had been there off and on a good deal.

He said he was there not long ago, but did not remain. He bought some clothes in Chicago so that he could appear in Chi-enne as a "holy terror" when he landed there, and thus in a whole town of "holy terrors" he would not attract attention.

I am not said he, by birth or instinct a holy terror, but I thought I would like to try it a little while anyhow. I got one of those Chicago sombreros with a gilt fried cake twisted around it for a band. Then I got a yellow silk handkerchief on the ten cent counter to tie around my neck. Then I got a suit of smoke-tanned buckskin clothes and a pair of moccasins. I had never seen a bad, bad man from Chi-enne, but I had seen pictures of them and they all wore moccasins. The money that I had left I put into a large revolver and a butcher knife with a red Morocco sheath to it. The revolver was too heavy for me to hold in one hand and shoot, but by resting it on a fence I could kill a cow easy enough if she wasn't too blamed restless.

I went out to the stock yards in Chicago one afternoon and practiced with my revolver. One of my thumbs is out there at the stock yards now.

At Omaha I put on my new suit and sent my human clothes home to my father. He told me when I came away that when I got out to Wyoming, probably I wouldn't want to attract attention by wearing clothes and so, could I send my clothes back to him and he would be glad to have them.

At Sidney I put on my revolver and went into the eating house to get my dinner. A tall man met me at the door and threw me about forty feet in an oblique manner. I asked him if he meant anything personal by that and he said not at all, not at all. I then asked him if he would not allow me to eat my dinner and he said that depended on what I wanted for my dinner. If I would lay down my arms and come back to the reservation and remain neutral to the government and eat cooked food, it would be all right, but if I insisted on eating raw dining room girls and scalloped young ladies, he would bar me out.

We landed at Chi-enne in the evening. They had hacks and 'busses and carriages till you couldn't rest, all standing there at the depot, and a large colored man in a loud tone of voice remarked,

"INTEROCEAN HO-tel!!!"

I went there myself. It had doors and windows to it and carpets and gas. The young man who showed me to my room was very polite to me. He seemed to want to get acquainted. He said:

"You are from New Hampshire, are you not?"

I told him not to give it away, but I was from New Hampshire. Then I asked him how he knew.

He said that several New Hampshire people had been out there that summer and they had worn the same style of revolver, and generally had one thumb done up in a rag. Then he said that if I came from New Hampshire he would show me how to turn off the gas.

He also took my revolver down to the office with him and put it in the safe, because he said some one might get into my room in the night and kill me with it if he left it here. He was a perfect gentleman.

They have a big opera house there in Chi-eene and while I was there they had the Italian Opera singers Patti and Nevada there. The streets are lit up with electric lights and people kind of looked down on me I thought. Still they tried to act as though they didn't notice my clothes and dime museum hat. They seemed to look at me as though I was not to blame for it and as if they felt sorry for me. If I had had my United States clothes with me I could have had a good deal of fun in Chi-eene going to the opera, and lectures, and concerts, etcetera. But finally I decided to return, so I wrote to my parents how I had been knocked down and robbed and garroted and left for dead with one thumb shot off, and they sent the money to pay funeral expenses. With this I got a cut-rate ticket home and surprised our folks very much.

BILL NYE.

(From the Cheyenne Daily Sun, September 1885, on file in the State Historical Department.)

BILL NYE

An address delivered at a Lions Club Luncheon at Riverton, Wyo., on Feby. 24, 1925, by O. N. Gibson.
Lions:

Just to be leisurely and casual, I am going to begin with a day in Trenton, Missouri, some twenty-five years ago.

Coming hurriedly out of our office stairway, I started down Water Street just as a crowd was rapidly gathering there about the spring wagon of an itinerant vendor. He was standing up in the vehicle, attracting attention and exciting interest by throwing things recklessly in every direction. Almost before I realized what was going on, something hurtled toward me and dropped fluttering near my feet. There was a scramble, but distance favored me and I emerged triumphant from the scrimmage, a glossy, dark green book in my hands.

Books have been my passion, always. They were very cheap in those days, but not so cheap that I could buy easily or often. To obtain one suddenly in so surprising a fashion, was like a special providence. I wondered at the combination of circumstances which had brought me unwittingly to that precise place at that precise moment.

But this was not the only unusual feature of the occurrence. Scanty as my library was, the book which I had snatched from the pavement was the exact counterpart of one which had long been in my possession, and which had reached such an advanced stage of disintegration that its usefulness was practically at an end. Few new books would have been welcomer than this successor to that old one.

Strange to say, I had not bought the old one, either. I believe it was almost the only book I ever stole.

Of course, I didn't exactly steal it. Reputable folks do not steal books. They acquire them. I acquired this one from a friend who had himself acquired it from a mutual friend to whom it had been given by the particular friend whom she afterwards married. There was no reason why I should return it to Oscar. It wasn't his. And it would have looked like a gratuitous reflection upon him to have returned the book to Ollie direct. Besides, she had Charley. What difference could it make to her, who had "Bill"? So I kept the volume.

Books, like flowers do best for those who love them. My attachment for this one was strong from the very first. Its pages soon grew as familiar to me as the smiling faces of old friends. They were an unfailing source of good humor and good cheer. Every book that the author ever wrote and that I have had a chance to borrow, I have read. I even bought one once in paper with my own money from the House of Montgomery Ward when we were both young, and when I was one of its humble but defiant competitors. I do not know what ever became of this book. I did not have it long. That is one of the peculiarities of this author's works. No one who has a right to, can ever keep one of them. If you would have one, the only sure way is to borrow it, and never take it back.

I owe an honest debt of gratitude to the author of these fugitive volumes; a debt which it would be presumptuous for me ever to hope to pay. I have long wished however, that I might make some fitting acknowledgment of it. And this is what I am now attempting to do.

If you have been attentive, you have already guessed. The book that came to me that day like a tired bird of passage, was a Wyoming book. It scarcely admits of doubt that the author was Wyoming's most celebrated citizen. A generation ago his name was familiarly on the lips of thousands who could not have identified a single other resident of our state. As newspaper writer, lecturer and author of books, his fame was more than nation wide, for he had even gained noteworthy recognition abroad. His influence upon American humor has never been adequately understood or appreciated. It is not too much to say that he was the most unique and original of all the humorists which America had then produced.

And he belonged peculiarly to Wyoming. This was the scene of his early struggles and failures. His fame was won here. Here were spent the years of his most productive labor. Yet here, the memory of him is fading, almost beyond belief.

Of the more than a dozen books which bore his name, only two are indexed in our State Library. These, and the few lines which the encyclopedias furnish, are all of the biographical material concerning him which is to be found there. The State Historical Society has five short newspaper clippings, telling of his life in Laramie, and a few paragraphs about him in a little volume on the pioneer press of the state. This is all a curious investigator recently found.

So far as I know, his biography has never been written. No uniform or compiled edition of his works has ever been published. Current book catalogues give him scant notice, if they mention him at all. Most of his works are out of print.

On my own shelves, even, his place has been vacant for more than twelve years, now. For when I packed my small collection for shipment to Wyoming, the book which came to me through the air, had flown. Two years later on a visit to my old home, I recaptured it, but it again escaped before I got beyond the borders of my native state. Last year, ashamed of this long neglect of my early favorite, I bought a new volume of "Remarks." It had been on my table but a few days,—I had had no opportunity to renew my acquaintance,—when a member of this Club discovered it, and asked to borrow it over Sunday. I have not seen it since.

It is a wise saying of Old Ralph Waldo's that "time melts into shining ether the solid angularity of facts." This is doubly true when recollection rather than records must be relied upon. For reasons which have been made sufficiently apparent, literal accuracy must not be looked for in this attempt to bring to you an authentic glimpse of a neglected foster-son of Wyoming.

Edgar Wilson Nye was born on the 25th day of August, 1850. His birthplace was the town of Shirley, in Central Maine. It must then have been a diminutive hamlet, for when as a man he visited it, it had less than three hundred souls. He referred to it as the place where first he met his parents. The district was not an agricultural one, but he assures us that he observed in the vicinity numerous rock foundations suitable for farms. Here too he saw what he called little upright farms. They were so much so they could be cultivated on both sides.

In 1852, the Nye family moved to a farm on the St. Croix river, in northern Wisconsin. His works bear ample evidence that he was brought up in humble, rural surroundings. He says he was never ambitious to die rich, but he had often wished he had been born rich.

Apparently he was an awkward, luckless youngster. He says that as a boy he met with such frequent mishaps that about 3 o'clock every afternoon his mother would inquire anxiously of his father if he didn't think it was about time for the boys to arrive with William's remains.

One ludicrous incident of his childhood, he recounts in the little sketch, "I Spy."

You may not know what "I Spy" is. I never heard it called that, anywhere else. Back in Missouri, we used to call it "Hide and Whoop." In more enlightened localities it was designated, "Hide-and-go-seek."

One day, while playing this game, young Nye had an inspiration. He would climb up on the barn, and when the unfortunate seeker got far enough from the base, he would slip down and slide in. His plan was only partially successful. It happened that he was wearing one of his father's cast off vests that day. As he slid hurriedly over the eve, intending to drop lightly to the earth, the upper loose end of a batten slipped between his person and the vest. Both the batton and the button held, and the unhappy youngster could get neither up nor down. His play-fellows soon discovered his predicament, and were delighted at it. They would shout and race away, crying, "I spy Billy Nye." Then they would race back and jeer and shout: "Aw, Bill, come down. We can see you up there."

I have forgotten the finish.

He narrates an incident of his school days which sounds somewhat less authentic. He had won renown as a speller. Near the head of the class was a knot-hole in the floor. If he could get his big toe into that knot-hole, he could spell the hardest word. Nothing could dislodge him from this position of vantage. One day his rival discovered or suspected the secret of his strength. The knot-hole was plugged up, and Bill was lost. Without it, he was like Sampson, shorn of his locks.

Concerning his scholastic achievements, one veracious statement can be made. He acquired an intimate knowledge of the old eclectic series of school readers. Otherwise he never could have burlesqued their literary style as perfectly as he did. In later life he deplored the fact that boys no longer used the respectful language and large luxuriant words which they employed in the days when Mr. McGuffy stood around and reported their conversation for his justly celebrated series of readers.

Nye's education was ont all obtained in the public school. He attended the River Falls Academy. Perhaps the half humorous, half pathetic "Letters of a Father to His Son" are reminiscent of this period in his life. The only direct allusion, however, that I now recall is his reference to one moonlit occasion during his attendance there and the shame and chagrin he felt when he found himself in the water-melon patch of a total stranger.

Nye was early seized by an ambition to become a lawyer. It is remarkable how many men have cherished a like ambition and afterwards became famous in some other calling. It appears that the Academy furnished a law course, but in those days candidates for the bar were admitted upon the recommendation of a committee appointed by the Court to examine them. In Nye's case, the committee were not satisfied with the showing. With the tender solicitude for the feelings of others which is so characteristic of the legal profession, the committee decided not to make an adverse report, but to recommend a continuance, to the next

term. Young Nye was present when the report came in. As he rose to leave the courtroom, he addressed the Court:

"Your Honor, will you require a bond for my appearance?"

I have the impression that he was never admitted to the bar in Wisconsin. He came to Wyoming in 1873, and was admitted to practice here in 1876. He was not destined to distinguish himself as a lawyer. His talents unsuited him for so plodding a profession. Nevertheless, he says, that for several years he practiced law in "a surreptitious sort of way."

Early in his residence in Laramie, he became both a justice of peace and a U. S. Commissioner. In fact he held some sort of public office during most of the period of his residence in the state. He offered it as high proof of the efficacy of woman suffrage, that men of his intelligence, integrity and independence were chosen to offices of trust and profit in Wyoming. He said that he went into office with very little opposition, and went out without any opposition at all.

He engaged in local newspaper work soon after his arrival in Laramie. He also soon became a correspondent for out of town newspapers, chiefly the Cheyenne Sun and the Denver Tribune.

It is said that the pen name which he adopted was suggested by Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee."

"Ah Sin was his name,
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
What the name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye."

Doubtless many who are familiar with these lines have mistaken the allusion to "Bill Nye" as a complimentary notice by a fellow humorist. But the "Heathen Chinee" was published long before Nye's literary career began.

Eugene Field was connected with the Denver Tribune when Nye began contributing to it. He quickly recognized the peculiar gift of the young writer. He invited Nye to come to Denver and deliver an address to the press club. The invitation was accepted, but the speaker attempted a serious address, and, it is said, made a dismal failure.

It may have been on this trip to Denver that he made the acquaintance of 'Gene Field's trick chair. This chain was bottomless. When set for a prospective victim, however, its condition was carefully concealed by carelessly arranged newspapers. When the visitor arrived, the editor, very busy, would absentmindedly waive him to the waiting chair. If the guest "fell," Gene would hasten to the rescue, and apologize profusely for his thoughtlessness.

Bill had acquired considerable experience as local editor and newspaper correspondent, when, in 1880, it was decided to organize a stock company, establish a newspaper, and put him in charge. The company

was capitalized at three thousand dollars, one hundred shares of thirty dollars each.

The editor christened the new paper the Laramie Boomerang. He says he named it for a mule he had once owned. He had named the mule Boomerang because of the "eccentricity of its orbit."

Soon after the Boomerang was started, the plant was moved to the second story of a livery stable, where it remained for some time. The editor advised the public that there was a stairway to his sanctum, or they could "twist the grey mule's tail and take the elevator."

The reading public soon learned that a new style of humor had been let loose on the planet. The Boomerang's circulation grew rapidly. Even Charles A. Dana enrolled as a subscriber. Soon Nye's work was attracting attention, even in England.

Partly in recognition of political services as editor of the Boomerang, and partly through the personal friendship of Assistant Post Master General Hatton, Nye received the appointment as post-master at Laramie in 1881. His letter accepting this position is probably more widely known than anything else he wrote. Doubtless, its greater fame is not due to its intrinsic superiority, but to the circumstance which gave to it such wide publicity.

He hastened to assure the department of his approval of its action in making the appointment. No step which the administration had yet taken had so profoundly impressed him with its wisdom. In fact, he regarded it as a triumph of eternal truth over error and wrong. He assured the government that he was alive to the responsibilities of his new position. He had already ordered some new call boxes and some corrugated cuspidors for the lady clerks.

His resignation in the early days of the first Cleveland Administration was the occasion of a similar outburst of epistolary humor. He reviewed the rapid strides the country had made during his administration of the Laramie post-office, and gave the President many detailed directions as to the care and management of the post-office premises. For instance, he suggested that if the stove drew too hard, the general delivery window should be closed. He said the combination of the safe was set on 333, 666 and 999, but he couldn't remember which came first, or which way the knob turned, or how many times it had to go 'round, or reverse. He had left some mining stock in this safe which the administration could have. He intended to keep a horse that winter, instead. It would cost less.

While the Boomerang grew rapidly in popularity, it was never a financial success. In 1886, just as plans were maturing for placing the enterprise on a more permanent financial foundation, Nye took seriously ill. A change of location became necessary. When he regained his health, months after, he returned to Laramie, disposed of his interests there, and removed permanently from the state. For a time he resided in New York. Later he established his residence at the little town of

Arden, some ten miles from Asheville, North Carolina. Here he resided until his death, which occurred on the 22nd day of February, 1896.

Much of Nye's humor was directed at himself. The illustrator of his books capitalized this. The author's features were almost as familiar to the general public as are some of the popular cartoons of the present day. In any large audience he was readily recognized. A friend of mine saw him once standing on the crowded platform of a railway station at Louisville, Kentucky. The crowd had recognized him and was laughing. Nothing was said. He simply stood there looking quizzically at them as they laughed.

As the world knew him, he was a tall spare man, beardless and very bald. He said some people's heads were bald outside, and some were bald inside. His public would have been greatly startled had it known that even after he was editor of the Boomerang he wore a billess fur cap and a full beard.

He is said to have been ungainly of figure and ungraceful of carriage. He claimed he was always a good deal more fluent as a listener than as a talker. Nevertheless he became very popular upon the lecture platform.

He and James Whitecombe Riley toured most successfully together. Their programs consisted of alternate readings, each presenting his own productions. As a result of this association, they collaborated in the production of two volumes, "Nye and Riley's Railway Guide," and "Fun, Wit and Humor."

I have never seen what purported to be a complete list of Nye's works. Besides the two just mentioned he published at least eleven other volumes; Bill Nye and Boomerang, Forty Liars and Other Lies, Bailed Hay, Blossom Rock, Remarks, Chestnuts, Thinks, The Cudi, A Guest at the Ludlows, a Comic History of the United States, and A Comic History of England. He also was correspondent for various newspapers, writing syndicated articles for several years. Like most prolific writers, his work was not of even quality, but, after all proper deductions have been made, I know of none other who can be credited with so great an output of mere literary merriment.

Pure humor is evanescent, ephemeral. As an alloy it gives luster and permanence to other literary forms but unmixed with more enduring material, it is apt to lose both its worth and charm.

This may in some measure, account for the rapidity with which Nye's fame is declining. He was a humorist, purely and simply. He possessed no poetic gift, no prophetic insight. He had no dogma to proclaim, no theory to expound. He understood his talents, and their limitations. He acknowledged no graver purpose, claimed no higher mission, than just to make men laugh; not bitterly, nor contemptuously, nor cynically, nor unkindly, but good humoredly, generously, with simple, genial and spontaneous mirth.

He originated his literary method. He did not rely upon affectation of illiteracy, as did Artemus Ward, Josh Bilings and Petroleum V. Nasby. The coarseness and vulgarity of Sut Lovingood was foreign to his nature. He did not seek the aid of such mechanical devices as were employed by M. Quad, George W. Peck and Merietta Holly. He had neither the taste nor the talent for working out ludicrous notions or occurrences with the intricate artistry and artificial elaborateness which characterized the work of Mark Twain.

Nye never beleaguered the citadel of laughter. He never sapped and mined about it. He approached it openly, unconcernedly, with bare, bald head and awkward hanging hands, and took it suddenly and swiftly by the sheer force of magic and surprise.

An army surgeon carelessly dropped a live cigar stub on a keg of powder.

They never found anything of him but his false teeth.

They buried these with military honors.

Above the grave they placed this inscription: "Not dead, but spontaneously distributed."

He notes the fact that Tecumseh was killed at the battle of Tippecanoe, and that the bullet entered the body "just west of the watch-pocket."

In a biographical sketch of another departed Indian chief, he says that the deceased warrior is "now making pigeon toed tracts in the shifting sands of eternity."

A bank cashier having ascended, Nye remarks that he is now "fighting horse flies in the still and solemn hush of a Canadian forest."

He and his brother were in a pine forest once, when a cyclone struck it. They were driving along gay and unsuspecting. Suddenly they noticed that the wind was beginning to sough through the trees. Then pretty soon, they also began to sough through the trees.

This was a bad storm. Bill got a broken leg in it. But it wasn't as bad as one which he says occurred in Dakota, and which turned an artesian well inside out till it stuck up like a sore thumb.

Bill said the cry of fire in a small town was a grand sight. The reflection was suggested by the excitement attending the burning of old man Pendergast's skating rink. Before the conflagration had entirely subsided, the old man observed optimistically to Bill, that if the insurance was paid, he would build a new rink twice as good as the old one.

Some practical jokers at a hotel abstracted a young man's pantaloons, while he slept. They sewed up the legs stoutly at the bottom, returned the garments to its proper place, stole quietly into the corridor, and cried "Fire?" The young man appeared promptly, vainly endeavoring to insert himself into the trousers, while joining vociferously in the general cry of fire. His tormentors even let the hose play on him. Bill

said he didn't know what the hose played, but he supposed it was "What are the wild waves saying."

A fellow broke his leg. The only available surgeon was one who had been a veterinarian, before arriving in Wyoming. Somehow, reminiscently, he still had the cow idea in his head, and set the poor fellow's knee behind.

When Galilee succeeded in inventing a telescope that would magnify thirty times, he presented it to the Venitian legislature to make river and harbor appropriations with.

Nye says a jackrabbit is neither omniverous nor carnivorous. It is "Herbivorous and vertibrated and abnormally whence."

He knew a young school ma'am out here who claimed she could explain Browning's poems by means of blocks.

He said that if the sunrise was as fine a sight as the sunset, it must be a grand sight, indeed.

Evidently, he was a reluctant riser. He said he left his bed, not because he was dissatisfied with it, but because he couldn't take it with him.

Bill Nye was keenly alive to one fact with which many are not sufficiently familiar. Humor, like poetry, must be taken in broken doses, if the best results are to be obtained. He warned his public against trying to take too much of his stuff at once. If they insisted on doing so, and it went back on them, he declined to assume responsibility.

Life, of course, is not altogether a laughing matter. No one should wish it to be such. But, to most, it is grim and mirthless enough, at best. Its stresses bow the form. Its strains wreck the nerves. Its griefs break the heart. Its sins sere the soul. Its mysteries and terrors baffle and benumb the understanding. All need at times to pray, with Robert Louis Stevenson, for "courage and gaiety and a quiet mind." Well may the sense of humor be hailed as a "saving" one. Laughter answers a vital and universal human need. Mirth sometimes seems the sole escape from madness.

It reflects little credit on the powers of popular discernment that the words "jester" and "fool" are in our speech so largely synonymous. The man who contributes substantially to the general stock of genial mirth should be recognized as a benefactor of the race. 'Twould be difficult to name another who has made as large a contribution of this kind as Edgar Wilson Nye. The service merits not merely the need of praise, but the guerdon of unaffected gratitude, as well.

James Whitcombe Riley had the pleasing habit of paying generous tribute to his living friends. Such was his sonnet "To Edgar Wilson Nye." All lovers of the humorist should be grateful for this graceful recognition of his worth.

"O "William," in thy blithe companionship,
What liberty is mine, what sweet release,
From clamorous strife, and yet, what boisterous peace,
Ho! ho!, it is thy fancy's finger tip
That dents the dimple, now, and kinks the lip
That scarce may sing in all this glad increase
Of merriment. So, pray—thee, do not cease
To cheer me thus, for, underneath the quip
Of your droll sorcery the wrangling fret
Of all distress is stilled. No syllable
Of sorrow vexeth me. No tearsdrops wet
My teeming lids save those which leap to tell
Thee thou'st a guest who overweepeth, yet,
Only because thou jokest over well."

Bill Nye's Grave at Calvary Church is on the Asheville-Spartanburg-Greenville Highway. Bill Nye's home "Buck Shoals" is located but a few miles from this beautiful country church-yard, where he sleeps beside his youngest son. The stone marking his grave is a cubic yard of native granite.

The Reverend Mr. Clarence Stuart McClellan, Jr., who is the Rector of this church has inaugurated a movement, the object of which is to erect a monument which will be of a style to attract the attention of all who travel through this pretty town in the "Sapphire Country" of North Carolina.

The monument will be a large granite boulder 8 feet high, 6 feet wide and 3 feet thick and will carry a bronze memorial tablet on which will be inscribed briefly the outstanding facts in Nye's life. August 25th, 1925 is the seventy-fifth anniversary of Nye's birth, which event took place in the State of Maine, and on this anniversary date Maine and North Carolina hope to have brought to successful completion this effort to memorialize the life and work of "Bill Nye". Wyoming is asked to join in, and to contribute financial aid to this movement. In the early '80s Nye resided in Wyoming—principally in Laramie—some of his best literary work was done during these years and his humorous contributions to the papers of the day drew much attention to the young Territory. It is fitting that our State should be proud to be associated with this movement to commemorate the name and fame of Edgar Wilson Nye. —Historian.

NOTES ON THE SAWYER EXPEDITION

Those who are interested in pioneer history will be pleased to learn that a book has recently been issued dealing with the "Sawyer Trail" and with early pioneers and explorers of the Northwest, including members of the Lewis and Clark expedition. The Authors, Albert M. Holman, of Sergeant's Bluff, Iowa, and Constant R. Marks, of Sioux City, have spared neither pains nor expense in gathering material for their book which they call "Pioneering in the Northwest" (published by Deitch, Lamar County, Sioux City, Iowa.)

The Sawyer Trail, otherwise known as the Niobrara-Virginia City Wagon Road, began at Sioux City, followed a westerly course past the south side of the Black Hills, and, merging with the Bozeman Trail at or near the present site of Sheridan continued by this route to Virginia City. Mr. Holman was himself a member of Colonel Sawyer's first expedition, made in 1865, the purpose of which was to lay out a shorter course from Missouri River points to Virginia City. Although this trail was abandoned so soon as the Union Pacific reached points accessible to the mining camps yet the efforts of these pathbreakers who braved every extreme of hardship and danger to meet the immediate need of a more direct overland route westward, are an important contributing factor in the early history of Wyoming.

A thrilling incident of the expedition as given in Mr. Holman's narrative is the fourteen days' siege on Tongue River at the hands of hostile Arapahoes under Chiefs Black Bear and Old David. Three men, among them Col. Cole of Connor's relief, gave their lives as toll. They were buried in the corral and the stock driven over their graves to hide the traces of their burial place from the enemy.

ARTHUR J. DICKSON.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

State Historian

Annals Supercedes the Quarterly Bulletin of the State Historical Department Beginning with Vol. III

John Hunton Collection, No. 2

Since the publication of the Bulletin in April, Mr. Hunton has given to the State Historical Department a second collection of 84 original documents. This is a collection principally of notes and bonds and has been preserved in large yellow envelopes, one envelope bears the inscription "There are some large and interesting notes for various sums of money in this envelope. All of which have been paid. They were all made to Ward & Guerrier on S. E. Ward.

(Signed) JOHN HUNTON.

As was the custom in the business world at that time, the name was torn off when the note was paid and we thereby lose the personal touch which a signature gives.

One note for \$5323.64 is dated West Port, September 1, 1852; another under date Sandy Point, 20th May 1853 is a promise to pay Messrs. Bordeau Richards and Company or order \$930.43 on the first day of the following July with 10 per cent interest after date of maturity. We read the following "\$250.00 North Fork Platte River, December 16th, 1852. Thirty days after sight, you will please pay to Mr. John S. Shaw or order, the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars for value received, and charge the same, as advised, to

Yours respectfully,

WARD & GUERRIER."

Albert G. Boone Esq
Westport, Missouri.

This note is in a beautiful handwriting on blue letter paper and ink unfaded. Another one beautifully penned and ink as black as if written today, reads

"\$3000.00 Fort Laramie N. T. March 4th, 1857. Twelve months after date I promise to pay to the order of Tutt and Dougherty (a firm composed of John S. Tutt and Lewis B. Dougherty) the sum of Three Thousand dollars at the Bank of the State of Missouri in the City of Saint Louis for value received negotiable and payable, without defalcation or discount bearing interest from due until paid at the rate of ten per cent per annum.

SETH E. WARD,

Ward & Guerrier, Secretary."

Tutt and Dougherty were the first Post sutlers at Fort Laramie, Nebraska Territory and Mr. Hunton says "they were there from the commencement of the Post in 1849 to 1857."

"John Hunton was Post trader from August 1888 to April 20th, 1890 when the Post was abandoned by the military authorities." There are Promissory notes in this collection given for such sums as \$11192.06—to 12113.74, \$4000.00, \$4648.67, \$16,214.00 and at "Fort Laramie N. T. May 1st, 1856" a promissory note for \$10476.92 is given to Majors & Russell. In this collection we find such historic names of places and people as Fallon's Bluffs, South Fork of Platte, 5 Mile Point, "Mormon Crossing, North Platte" Fort Halleek, James Bordeau, G. P. Beauvais, Major R. B. Marey and Captain D. S. Gordon, while the dates go back to 1851.

In a "List of debts due Tutt and Dougherty" one finds such names as Daurries, Grimeaud, Menard, Mareschal, Pierre Grodeau, Felix Le

Blanc, indicating the presence of French Canadians, and trappers, and "Robert Lawrence the gambler" was also in debt to the suttlers.

There are several interesting letters among these papers and a receipt which reads "Rush Creek, November 9, '58. Rec'd of S. E. Ward's train No. 1—six sacks corn account of Jno. M. Hockaday & Company.

C. B. JONES."

The ink used on these papers is exceedingly bright, and the diction and handwriting indicate a fair degree of education. These Documents show that much activity centered in old Fort Laramie and large business transactions were carried on there. Again Mr. Hunton has enriched the Historical collection of our State Department.

Mr. Howard Jackson of Glenrock who has just given to the Department, four kodak pictures of much historical value has lived in Wyoming since 1876. One of the pictures is of a monument which carries the inscription "A. H. Unthank, Wayne County, Indiana. Died July 2, 1850." A second picture shows the entire grave with the foot board on which is inscribed A. H. U. The entire Unthank burial plot is inclosed with a neat iron fence. This grave is on the Oregon Trail five miles east of Glenrock and has been fenced and cared for by Mr. Jackson. Three miles east of Glenrock on the Oregon Trail is another grave which has been fenced with iron, by Mr. Jackson. This monument is inscribed "J. P. Parker, Died July 1st, 1860, age 48 years, Iowa." In this same inclosure is a small boulder marked "M. Kingo." The fourth picture shows a very good looking monument on which is cut "Ada McGill. Died July 1864." This grave is also on the Oregon Trail and is at Parkerton.

ACCESSIONS FROM APRIL 1st TO JULY 1st, 1925
Documents

Received from

- Huuton, Mr. Johu.....A collection of 84 original Documents.
(See notes and comments.)
- Hebard, Dr. G. R.....Manuscript Document on Thornberg
Massacre of September 1879. Copy
of original manuscript in Dr. He-
bard's collection of Wyomingana.
- Congressman Charles E. Winter....Copy of report on final burial place
of Sacajawea. This report was made
by Charles E. Eastman to the Com-
mittee of Indian affairs. Mr. East-
man is a full blood, educated Sioux
and was employed by the Indian
Committee as "Inspector and Inves-
tigator" to determine the true story
of the wanderings, death and burial
of Sacajawea the Indian woman
guide to Lewis and Clark. This re-
port will be published in full in a
future number of the "Annals."

Museum

- Nicolaisen, Mrs. Hans.....Framed painting of Buffalo. This pic-
ture was painted by the late Mr.
Nicolaisen at the age of 65 years.
Mr. Nicolaisen had had art instruc-
tion in the schools of his native
country Schleswig-Holstein.
- Holland, Mr. A. M.....One group photo of Governor Brooks
and his staff and officers of 3rd Regt.,
W. N. G., Douglas, Wyoming, Octo-
ber 3, 1905.
- Moon, MaryannaIndian arrow head; this arrow head was
plowed up on Section 10, twps. 16,
range 71 w in Albany County by Leo
A. Moon in 1905.
- Jameson, Mrs. E. C.....Moccasins worn by "Cattle Kate"
found under the tree upon which she
was hung.

ACCESSIONS FROM APRIL 1st TO JULY 1st, 1925 (Continued)

- Massion, Mr. H.....Indian Stone adz. This is a perfect specimen measuring $12\frac{1}{4}$ inches around the base and tapering $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the top. This adz was plowed up at a depth of 8 inches by Mr. Massion of Chugwater.
One Flint Indian Arrow-point.
- Kienzele, Winifred Stuart.....One large framed group picture "Farewell to Governor J. B. Kendrick, February 24, 1917. Governor and many State officers and employees on steps State House, Cheyenne, Wyo.
- Watts, Mr. A. E.....Large Key used by the Overland Stage Company for the Stage Barn which was located at the N. E. corner of 19th Street and Capitol Ave., Cheyenne, was used from 1867 to 1871. Overland Stage Route from Denver to Cheyenne-Cheyenne Pass-Laramie City and on West.
- Ellis, Mrs. C. E.....A collection of 19 Kodak pictures. This collection includes views of the Ellis home at Difficulty, Wyoming; of Palmer Canyon and one picture showing 2 pronghorns in the hills.
- Cristobal, Leopold.....Coin collection (124 in all). 10 gold coin from France, England, India Empire, Holland, 35 copper, 1 silver dated 1779, Charles 3rd King of Spain, 1 silver dated 1808 Charles IV King of Spain, other silver coins bear dates of 1819, 1820, 1824, 1828, 1837, 1844, 1847, 1848, 1851, 1855, 1858, 1863, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868. These coins are almost entirely from Foreign countries; they are of gold, silver, nickle, bronze, copper and there are a few model coins; this is the second collection Mr. Cristobal has given the Department the entire collection numbering 284.

ACCESSIONS FROM APRIL 1st TO JULY 1st, 1925 (Continued)

- City of Cambridge.....Two gavels made from the Washington Elm, which stood in the city of Cambridge, donated through Secretary of State Frank E. Lucas.
- Carroll, Major C. G.....One piece of French Hard Bread, taken from train enroute to the front, June 10, 1918.
- State Treasurer.....One large group picture, Fennimore Chatterton, LeRoy Grant, General Stitzer, Edward Stone, taken on steps of "Industrial Club."
- State Bank Examiner.....Five framed wall pictures. Blowing copper at Encampment, Scene on Goose Creek, Sheridan, View of Sheridan looking East, Scene on Two Bar Ranch — Natrona County, View of Platte River down stream from Fairbanks.
- Hafen, Dr. State Historian of ColoradoMap of early Trails, Forts and Battlefields of Colorado.
- Clark, George.....Nickle (five cent piece) date 1867. This coin is stamped with the shield. It was picked up at the intersection of Warren Avenue and 24th Street and bears evidence of having lain long on the ground.
- Jackson, Mr. Howard.....Four Kodak pictures. (See notes and comments.)
- Dobbins, Mrs. Emma J.....One plate. This plate is a part of a set of dishes, owned by Mrs. F. E. Warren, wife of the first Governor of State of Wyoming and used at that time. Mrs. Warren purchasing a new set of dishes gave the old set to the Church Aid of the First Baptist Church. Mrs. Warren being President of that Society, "Willing Workers." A few of us older members took a dish as a souvenir replacing it with another.

ACCESSIONS FROM APRIL 1st TO JULY 1st, 1925 (Continued)**Purchased by the Department**

- Stansbury's Expedition to the Great Salt Lake 1849. This is in two volumes, one being the map volume.
- James Bridger, by J. Cecil Alter.
- Appleton's Ill. Handbook of American Travel 1857.
- Adventures in Mexico and Rocky Mountains 1847, by George F. Ruxton.
- Tour to Oregon 1841-2 by Joseph Williams.
- California and Oregon Trail by Francis Parkman.

Manuscripts

- McCreery, Mrs. Alice.....Diary of W. A. Richards kept during the time the Southern line of Wyoming was being surveyed. W. A. Richards was Governor of Wyoming from 1895-99 and this Diary is contributed by his daughter Mrs. McCreery of California.
- Shaw, Mr. J. C.....Sylvester Sherman's story of the Indian Battle on Elk Horn Creek.
- Gibson, Mr. O. N.....Address on "Bill Nye" delivered at the Lions Club Luncheon on February 24, '25.
- Dickson, Mr. Arthur J.....History of "Sawyer's Expedition."
- Welch, EthelHistory of Green River, Wyoming.
- Mortimer, HaroldHistory of Green River, Wyoming.

Newspaper Clippings

- Meyers, Mr. Ed.....Dayton Daily Journal, Nov. 7, 1888.
Harrison Election.
- Reitz, Mrs. Charles.....Newspaper Clippings.
- Newell, Miss.....Newspaper Clippings.
- Boice, Mrs. Fred.....Newspaper Clippings and programs.
- Riley, Mr. George.....3 copies of the "Dillon Double Jack" dates Dec. 27th, 1902, February 2 and February 7, 1903. February 7 contains an account of "An Avalanche" at the "head of Cow Creek" on Jan. 29 in which Peter Le Mieux and C. G. Conner lost their lives. The issue of Dec. 27, 1902, is devoted to the mining interests in the Encampment district. February 2, 1903, is issued as an extra.

ACCESSIONS FROM APRIL 1st TO JULY 1st, 1925 (Continued)

Simpson, Mrs. W. L.....	Thermopolis Record. Woman's Club Ed.
Labor Commissioner, Frank Clark	Newspaper clippings.
Crain, Miss Ena M.....	Newspaper clippings.
Gilpin, Miss Pearl.....	Pamphlet, Congregational Church Year Book and Directory 1922.
Beach, Mrs. Cora M.....	A. L. A. Bulletin for May.
Carroll, Major C. G.....	Official List of Men and Women in World War, from the State of Wyo- ming.

LAW OFFICE

of

W. W. CORLETT,

Cheyenne, Wyoming, Nov. 16, 1876.

J. K. Moore Esq

Camp Brown.

My Dear Sir:—

Yours with congratulations on account of my success in the recent contest for congress in this Territory is at hand. Accept my thanks for the good words you were so kind to send me and also for your own valuable contribution towards the result. Be assured that I shall not forget my obligations to yourself and other friends in that section of the Territory for the aid and encouragement given me during the canvass.

My majority is nearly 1200 in the Territory and I have carried every county. The result was a surprise to everybody and to no one more than to myself. The result is of course very gratifying to me and I can only hope that I shall be able to answer the expectations of my constituents, when I shall have entered into their service.

Please remember me to Mrs. Moore and to your sister and believe me

Very truly your friend.

Signed W. W. CORLETT.

NOTE:—In Vol. 2, No. 4, Page 73, column one, last line should read Laramie in place of Platte.

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 3

OCTOBER, 1925

No. 2

Grace Raymond Hebard

318 So. 10th Street

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LARAMIE

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Volume III. Number 2.

October, 1925



In the Valley of the Green River

Courtesy of the State Department of Agriculture

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 3

OCTOBER, 1925

No. 2

DIARY KEPT BY SILAS L. HOPPER, BLANDINSVILLE, ILLINOIS, APRIL 20th, 1863

April 27th, 1863—Left Nebraska City for California camped 1st night at Wilson Creek, 10 miles: good water, some timber dark cloudy night but no rain.

April 28th, 1863—Left Wilson Creek early went to Nemeha took dinner, camped over night at head of little Nemeha, splendid wood, water, corn and hay; got stalled that day, broke wagon tongue tied it up and went on.

April 29th, 1863—Left Nemeha 5 o'clock A. M. traveled 25 miles with out feeding, camped at 4 o'clock on French creek but little wood, and water tolerable.

April 30th, 1863—Left French Creek 6 o'clock and went 23 miles to Walnut Creek for dinner, good camping ground went 6 miles after dinner camped on Beaver Creek, good water and wood ranch etc.

May 1st, 1863—Left Beaver 5 o'clock went 14 miles for dinner; water and wood went 13 miles after dinner camped on Blue fork, water no good yet, windy afternoon, night pleasant, mended wagon tongue again.

May 2nd, 1863—Left Blue went 18 miles for dinner to a pond in prairie, miserable water for mules and not fit for cooking or drinking: arrived at Platte River 4 o'clock p. m. ranch: corn \$1.00, hay 35 cents: wood on the other side of River, day beautiful.

May 3rd, 1863—Sunday did not travel, passed the day tinkering, fixed oil cloth on wagon cover and day warm and pleasant: a great many passing, very windy night.

May 4th, 1863—Left Camp on Platte went 20 miles for dinner to ranch in prairie, corn 85 cents, went 12 miles after dinner, camped at ranch in Prairie on the River; very windy day, roads somewhat sandy, hay \$1.00 per hundred, wood none only what you buy.

May 5th, 1863—Left camp 5 o'clock went 20 miles for dinner went 12 miles after dinner camped on river, hay \$1.00 per hundred very windy and cold passed Fort Kerney 9 A. M. but few soldiers and no fort but other buildings pretty good.

May 6th, 1863—Left camp 5 o'clock passed Plum creek, 10 a. m. mailed letter for home, corn \$2.00 traveled 30 miles camped at ranch, pleasant night, good hay \$1.00.

May 7th, 1863—Left camp 5 o'clock went 27 miles for dinner, 6 o'clock no grass, water out of river 10 miles after dinner making 37 miles: very windy night, good hay \$1.00.

May 8th, 1863—Left camp went 3 miles to blacksmith shop tires set and tongue mended, went 29 miles and camped at Fremont slough, bought good corn at \$2.00 per bushel, good ranch.

May 9th, 1863—Left camp, met Indians: two teams ran off, broke one wagon top off, went 16 miles for dinner, 13 miles after dinner, wood \$50.00 per cord, no hay or grass, camped on river.

May 10th, 1863—Sunday. Left camp went 8 miles and stopped for the day poor water, no wood and poor grass, mailed two letters one to wife and the other to J. W. Huddleston.

May 11th, Monday—Left camp 6 o'clock raining some, cold morning went 15 miles for dinner, went 10 miles after dinner; stayed at Star Ranch, Hay \$1.50 per hundred potatoes 5 cents, see Indians plenty.

May 12th, Tuesday—Left camp and traveled about 26 miles camped in 3 miles of Julesburg no wood or grass.

May 13th, Wednesday—Crossed the Platte River without an accident; at Julesburg doubled teams, some quick sand, traveled 25 miles from river up Pole creek, camped on creek, tolerable grass, country very dry and never much grass.

May 14th, Thursday—Left camp at 5 o'clock traveled until 10 a. m. stopped on very poor grass; left the Fort Laramie Road and took cut off to the South of the Laramie river, stopped on Pole creek no grass and awful roads, cut-off a humbug, miles 25.

May 15th, Friday—Left camp traveled 5 miles and Pole creek went dry, saw party ahead found water in about 7 miles went 15 miles today no wood but little grass, cut off a very poor road.

May 16th, Saturday—Left camp 6 o'clock traveled 18 miles for dinner, stopped on creek good water crossed creek 10 inches. Morning nice place to camp, killed an antelope last evening, stopped for the night 12 miles after dinner willow wood, grass pretty good, windy, mules and horses stampeded.

May 17th, Sunday—Left camp 6 o'clock went 15 miles over Sandy Road good grass and water; traveled 17 miles, camped on creek good grass and water, willows for wood, mules in good condition, night passed quietly.

May 18th, Monday—Left camp 5:30 o'clock traveled 18 miles for dinner, Indians stopped train and wanted gifts gave them very little went 18 miles camped near the Rocky Mountains poor grass, broke wagon brace.

May 19th, Tuesday—Left camp 6 A. M. 5 miles from mountains went over spur of the Rocky mountains, stopped by Indians made them some presents and went on, camped for the night on Gaum, good dry grass and water good in the Mountains, traveled 30 miles.

May 20th, Wednesday—Left Laramie river took dinner on the Laramie intersected the stage line on Little Laramie went 32 miles camped near mountains on small branch; cold night, rained a little.

May 21st, Thursday—Morning cold and misty; started out 5:30 snow storm came up blew hard, went 7 miles and put at a fine grove of asp and stayed rest of day, night cold and blustery.

May 22nd, Friday—Left camp 5:30 very cold and windy: traveled 23 miles for dinner, crossed Rock Creek, toll bridge 75 cents wagon now, at toll bridge asked \$2.50 for wagon. 8 miles after dinner, passed Ft. Halleck one mile. Very cold.

May 23rd, Saturday—Started from camp 6 o'clock traveled 20 miles for dinner no grass or water, crossed Pass creek 9 A. M. arrived on North Platte 3 P. M. making 31 miles, wind too high to ferry, price \$5.00 per team, no grass on this side.

(May 24th, Sunday—Crossed North Platte 7 A. M. came 18 miles for dinner, no grass, paid \$5.00 per wagon for ferrying went 11 miles after dinner camped 4 miles beyond Pine Grove, water and grass, 29 miles.

May 25th, Monday—Left Camp 5:30 went through Bridger's Pass traveled 21 miles for dinner, no grass; 18 miles after noon camped on Plains without grass or water, pretty good road through pass, this route is without grass.

May 26th, Tuesday—Left Camp 4 A. M. traveled 11 miles for water traveled 30 miles for dinner on Bitter creek, no grass nor never was traveled. 3 miles after dinner camped on Bitter Creek little grass no wood but good water. 33 miles.

May 27th, Wednesday—Left camp 5 o'clock traveled 22 miles for dinner no grass, water badly alkaliad, 8 miles after dinner camped at Ranch, grass on Bluffs. . . .

May 28th, Thursday—Left camp 4 o'clock traveled four miles for breakfast, good bluff grass traveled 26 miles after breakfast camped on Bitter creek, at ranch grass 2 miles off good spring water for cooking, 30 miles.

May 29th, Friday—Left camp 5:30 o'clock traveled to Green River for dinner, got over river by 12 miles but little grass, ferrying \$3.50 per wagon, stream swift and narrow, traveled 15 miles after dinner to Black Fork ferry on etc. But we found good water and grass, 31 miles.)



Independence Rock, Showing New Bridge Over the Sweetwater River and the Oregon Trail.

Courtesy of the Highway Department

May 30th, Saturday—Left camp on Blacks fork traveled 19 miles for dinner, poor grass, 13 miles after dinner: camped on Hams fork, pretty good grass, wood and water 21 miles from Fort Bridger made 32 miles.

May 31st, Sunday—Layed over for rest: fine day: washing and horse shoeing going on, don't feel well today, expectorating a good deal of blood, wrote 5 letters today one to wife one to M. C. Lain, one to A. P. Hopper one to Phoebe Earp and one to T. W. Huddleston, will mail them at Fort Bridger, day passed quietly.

June 1st—Left camp 5:30 stopped for dinner near Fort Bridger; passed Fort about 2 p. m. traveled 12 miles camped on small branch, good water and grass, sage wood. Snake and other tribes of Indians at Fort for treaty; good many half breeds, made 32 miles.

June 2nd—Left camp 5:30 traveled about 20 miles for dinner through mountains hilly and rough roads, camped for night on branch near Needle rock, good spring no wood made about 33 miles, crossed Bear River, 2 p. m. paid \$1.50 for wagon toll.

June 3rd—Left Camp 5:30 went through Echo Cannon being 25 miles long good roads and grass camped on Weber fifty miles from Salt Lake plenty wood and water made 34 miles.

June 4th—Left Camp 6 o'clock traveled 24 miles for dinner went up Weber some miles, crossed and then went up Rough Cannon but pretty well worked, settled for 10 or 12 miles camped in cannon without grass made 40 miles.

June 5th—Left Camp traveled 12 miles to Salt Lake City stopped at corral pay 35 cents per day for hay and shed for mules, people very clever, flour \$3.00 per hundred.

June 6th—Saturday, stayed in camp in Salt Lake through the day; got our smithing done and yarn bought; went to theatre at night: Strawberries ripe 25 cents per quart, good fruit country, people clever.

June 7th—Sunday, left Camp 6:30 traveled 15 miles for dinner near Salt Lake, great many cattle herded here; 20 miles after dinner camped at foot of mountains left of road, no grass or wood near the town of Teau Willie, 35 miles.

June 8th—Left camp 5:30 went through the town of Teau Willie found grass, 5 miles, stopped 2 hours went up the Teau Willie Valley, camped in 3 miles of Stage Road, good grass and water made 28 miles.

June 9th—Left camp 5:30 went 22 miles for dinner went off to the left of Stage Road for water went 5 miles after dinner, fine grass and water; through cut off road bad, 27 miles.

June 10th—Left camp 7 o'clock, 3 miles to Indiana Spring, stopped for the day, good grass wood and water being in one mile of the great desert, will cross the desert this night, about 40 wagons here to cross.

June 11th—Started across the desert at 5:30 p. m. on the 10th, was 15 hours going across, large mountains to cross in the middle of desert found poor water in here, across no wood large springs but salty, made 54 miles made 21 miles last night, 75 miles.

June 12th—Left camp last night at Sundown travelled all night made 21 miles; stopped over day and night, pretty good water and grass, no wood, Stage Station there, very warm and windy.

June 13th—Saturday left 4:30 traveled 25 miles for dinner on Deep creek, water and grass though . . . Indian country camped on head of Deep creek good water and grass passed Deep creek Ranch 50 miles below, some 100 acres in cultivation made 33 miles.

June 14th—Sunday left camp 3 A. M. traveled 22 miles to Antelope Springs for dinner traveled 21 miles after dinner to Spring Valley; good grass and water, went through canyon this morning, got a scare supposed Indians, this is considered the worst Indian country, made 43 miles.

June 15th—Monday left camp 6:30 traveled 8 miles over mountains to Hot Spring, bunch grass on mountains traveled 20 miles after dinner to Egan Station water and grass made 28 miles.

June 16th—Tuesday left camp 4 o'clock traveled 15 miles for dinner no grass or water, 30 miles to water, froze last night stopped at mountain spring at 3 P. M. went to Ruby valley after supper 9 miles from mountain, springs made 40 miles.

June 17th—Wednesday, lay over for the day, good water and grass; wrote letter home and mailed it here, a few soldiers at Fort Ruby, a few settlers, no farms some trace of mines here, a stone post-office, whiskey \$8.00 per gallon, flour \$8.00 per hundred.

June 18th—Thursday, left Ruby Valley 5:30 went 16 miles for dinner went off to the right of Road one and one-half miles for water and grass; 10 miles after dinner to Diamond Springs water and grass, water warm but good.

June 19th—Friday, left Diamond Springs 6:30 went across valley to spring off of the Road to the right; water and grass; stopped on Roberty Creek, went 3 miles up to good grass water and wood; plenty of Indians, made 33 miles.

June 20th—Saturday, left camp 5 A. M. went 12 miles for dinner: water to the left of Road no grass: went 20 miles after

dinner to Dry creek, went off creek 3 miles for grass, good grass and water made 32 miles.

June 21st—Sunday, left camp 6:30 traveled 23 miles for dinner no grass but passed Bottom grass 2 miles below; stock strayed off some distance and had some trouble in getting them, made 33 miles.

June 22nd—Monday. Stayed in camp this day, grass good plenty of water, went over to Austin and Clifton quite stirring little towns and think they have good silver mines, no timber with anything and but little water.

June 23rd—Tuesday. Still in camp on Reese River, a small shower of rain today: quite a number of our trains stop here, chances good would stop here and take up claim if the climate would let me, prospect in mines good.

June 24th—Wednesday. Left camp 6 o'clock passed through Jacobsville 7 miles after leaving Reese River, no water for 25 miles camped on Creek, good water grass and wood, made 35 miles very little rain this evening.

June 25th—Thursday. Left camp 5:30 traveled 9 miles stopped to graze on Edwards creek said to be last grass to Carson went to cold springs and fed there, went to West Gate and stopped for the night no grass, hay 6 cents per pound water very poor made 40 miles.

June 26th—Friday. Left West Gate 6 o'clock went to Sand Springs 22 miles for dinner no grass, pretty good water went to Carson Slough for and stopped for night forded Slough toll \$1.50 per wagon not much grass made 40 miles hard road, hay 5 cents.

June 27th—Saturday. Left camp 6 o'clock went to Carson River for dinner, forded river, hay 3 cents, roads very sandy, went ten miles after dinner, camped on Carson, good grass and water and wood 25 miles.

June 28th—Sunday. Left camp 7 o'clock went 12 miles for dinner to well in desert hay 4 cents went 14 miles after dinner to well in desert, water bad, roads rocky and sandy hay 5 cents country hard and not worth settling in people going to Reese's river from California 26 miles.

June 29th—Monday, arrived in Virginia City at 12 found quite a city and much business country moving, good quartz, many doing well, property high, place said to be sick camp, hay 5 cents, barley 7 cents.

June 30th—Tuesday, still in Virginia City very costly to live here will leave for California, very busy place, speculation high.

July 1st—Wednesday, left Virginia City at 1 p. m. traveled 13 miles on Truckee valley roads graded, toll \$1.50 per

wagon, high mountains, much wood taken out of the mountains on road hay $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents here, fine meadow but all taken up plenty of water.

July 2nd—Thursday. Still in camp Mr. Nihell went back to Washo mines to try for a place left camp 1 p. m. traveled 17 miles camped on Truckey River good pasture 25 cents per head, good place to stay.

July 3rd—Friday. Left camp 8 A. M. went through fine pine timber all day sold off mules on road for 4 oxen and one horse traveled about 20 miles.

July 4th—Saturday. Left camp 6 o'clock stopped for dinner near the summit of the Sierra Nevada fine little valley but unfenced fine water and plenty of snow on the mountains, stopped at Boumans for the night hay $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents, potatoes 5 cents heavy frost and froze.

July 5th—Sunday. Left camp at 7 o'clock traveled for dinner to snow over very bad mountain passed Eureka a mining town has been of much importance stopped for night at toll gate hay $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents, potatoes 4 cents, barley 4 cents, made 21 miles.

July 6th—Monday. Went $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Cherokee, went back 2 miles to the Nugent home where Mr. Nihell resides, stays at \$25.00 per month and stopped near property, staid over night with them, 5 miles.

July 7th—Tuesday. Stayed over the day with Mr. Nihell very warm and I am not well, plenty of gold mines, bought \$79.00 of green backs of Mr. Nihell at \$65.00.

July 8th—Wednesday. Left Mr. Nihell 7 a. m. traveled to Union Ranch stopped for night good accommodation hay $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents, barley 3.

July 9th—Thursday. Left Ranch went 12 miles for dinner arrived Marysville 5 p. m. Hot dry, hay $1\frac{1}{4}$, barley 1.87 per hundred, stopped at Fan's stable and board at Franklin House.

July 10th—Friday. Still at Marysville no sale of stock yet today pleasant good air cleaned up a little commenced boarding at Franklin House this morning at \$4.00 per day per week.

July 11th—Saturday. Still in Marysville weather cool and fine today, no offers for mules, stock coming in teaming low town dull.

July 12th—Sunday. Hot, no sale yet don't like the place.

July 13th—Monday. Still in Marysville sold wagon and Pullum mules.

July 14th—Tuesday. Sold small mules and horse.

July 15th—Wednesday. Sold out all traps and fixed up for Sacramento.

July 16th—Thursday. Left Marysville California, for Sacramento at 6 A. M. river very low arrived at Sacramento at 1:30 stopped What Cheer hotel.

July 17th—Left Sacramento 6 A. M. arrived at Surson 2:30 P. M. had bad cold found Bartlett away from home staid at hotel over night.

July 18th—Stayed at Mr. H. G. Bartletts today passed time very agreeable.

July 19th—Sunday. Mr. Bartlett came home this morning had good time he hasn't changed any of any note.

July 20th—Still at Mr. Bartletts yet got letter from home dated 23rd of June, wrote home.

July 21st—Tuesday. Left Surson went to Beriean by stage took boat for San Francisco arrived at San Francisco 10 p. m. stopped at What Cheer House.

July 22nd—Wednesday. Staid in San Francisco this day bought tickets for New York, \$85.00 per ticket second cabin, \$150.00 in first cabin very busy place, Mr. John Hardecastle bought ticket on same steamer.

July 23rd—Thursday. Went board of steamer Constitution 9 A. M. got off at 10:30 A. M. some little sea sick not very bad no appetite for supper slept very well but nothing extra.

July 24th—Friday. Steamer getting along well not much sick, day passing off pretty well cloudy no land seen.

July 25th—Saturday. Weather warm and pleasant sun shines, passengers generally feels well no land in sight evening not very good.

July 26th—Sunday. Getting quite warm time goes on pretty well sea smooth not much sea sickness yet boat runs steady, saw several whales this day.

July 27th—Monday. Very warm morning, in sight of land today day passed off quietly, fire exercise at night.

July 28th—Tuesday. Very warm but getting along well, coal carrier knocked down by Engineer.

July 29th—Wednesday. Landed at Mansainelle which is situated in Mexico, surrounded by high hills on 3 sides, town small and of not much importance, Mr. Randell shot a man 10 p. m. in leg, coal carrier died.

July 30th—Thursday. Landed at Accapulca 10 A. M. got off 1 p. m. coal carrier buried here—nice Battery, good harbor surrounded by hills.

July 31st—Friday. Day rather pleasant good air, sea somewhat rough, getting along well.

August 1st—Saturday. Morning warm, times begins to ware off slowly, afternoon cooler, sea smooth, don't like being on ship much, land more prefable.

August 2nd—Sunday. Day passed off pleasantly being quite cool and have an interesting book to read, the day has not seemed very long, sea rough, more so than any other day so far.

August 3rd—Monday. Small shower this morning, day pleasant, small Island in sight afternoon, getting along very well.

August 4th—Tuesday. Morning warm, many small islands in sight on east side, baggage weighed today.

August 5th—Wednesday. Came to anchor at 5 a. m. 3 miles from Panama, got on small steamer and landed at R. R. depot. Left Panama 11 A. M., arrived in Aspinwall at 2 P. M., got dinner at city hotel, went board of Ocean Queen, 4:30 P. M.

August 6th—Thursday. Sea rough, great many sick, getting along fine, weather hot with showers, hard, poor water, etc.

August 7th—Friday. Still getting along very well, good commander and passengers getting better.

August 8th—Saturday. Warm and showery, have good sail on today, passed Cuba light house, about dark.

August 9th—Sunday. Morning pleasant had Divine services read by Mr. Moore, time passing very slow, expect to be out of danger of accident today.

August 10th—Monday. Sea very calm, day passed off very well reading, passed Key West and Light House, day warm.

August 11th—Tuesday. Day passed quietly, very warm, making good time beyond, seems like getting to New York, trip seems very long.

August 12th—Wednesday. Day very warm, no nice thunder showers at night.

August 13th—Thursday. 6 A. M. 70 miles from New York, day cool and pleasant, arrived in New York 2 P. M., very hot, stopped at Western Hotel.

August 14th—Friday. Still in New York.

August 15th—Saturday. Leave New York 5 P. M. for home.

August 16th—Arrived at Niagara Falls 10 A. M., stopped at Niagara House, good hotel.

August 17th—Monday. Leave Niagara Falls 10 A. M. for Chicago, arrived at Detroit 7:30 P. M.

August 18th—Tuesday. Arrived in Chicago 7:30 A. M., stayed in Chicago through the day, leave for Macomb at 8:15.

Note: Mr. E. T. Bartley of the firm of Hopper and Bartley, Cheyenne, Wyoming, is a nephew of Mr. Silas L. Hopper the author of the Diary. Through the courtesy of Mr. Bartley a typescript copy of the original Diary was made and proofed in the office of the State Historian and permission granted for publication of the manuscript.

State Historian.

SOME EARLY WYOMING HISTORY WEST OF THE 108th MERIDIAN

("The Wyoming State Journal" of Lander published this article
in September 1925)

The latest maps of Wyoming locate the towns of Greybull, Basin, Bonneville and Shoshoni just West of the 108th Meridian Greenwich time, and the 111th Meridian nearly on the western boundary passes through the Teton Basin. Lying within this area are lofty mountain peaks, glacial and other geological formations the like of which are found no where else on this continent—there are rich mineral deposits—a flora unique in its varieties, beautiful lakes abound and rivers whose course have determined history; The World's great playground is within this inclosure—tho not belonging to the State—and the wild game still roams the mountain fastnesses. Bonneville the oldest Fort in Wyoming was here, and here too was old Fort Bridger second only in importance to old Fort Laramie. With such natural attractions and such possibilities for wealth, it was only a question of time until adventuresome men and captains of industry would turn their attention to this—to them—unexplored country. The Spaniards claim to have visited this section as early as 1650 and there is much to support their contention.

W. A. Jones a Government engineer in his "Reconnaissance of N. W. Wyoming in 1875" says he found a stone circle on the right bank of the Little Wind River, south of Butte Springs and below Camp Brown which was 3 feet by 6 feet and that he found several other circles in the Wind River region. He was confident they were the work of some prehistoric peoples of primitive habits; other writers relate similar discoveries.

The Verendreys—father and sons, came in from the N. W. in 1743-4 and journeyed as far South as the Wind River and would probably have gone farther but for the advice of the friendly Shoshone's.

By the Louisiana Purchase in 1803 the United States came into new possessions in the N. W. and in 1804 Lewis and Clark were sent out to report upon a feasible Railroad route to the Pacific Ocean. They did not enter any part of what is now Wyoming but a man who had been in their employ—John Colter—did come into the northern part of the state by way of the Yellowstone. Colter is thought to have remained in the State for five or six years trapping along the streams. In his wanderings he came upon the geysers of the Yellowstone area, and so accurate were his maps and so vivid his description of



A Scene on West Fork of Wind River, Fremont County

Courtesy of the State Department of Agriculture

"Colters Hell" that he is regarded as the first white man to come into Wyoming.

John Jacob Astor, that far sighted Hollander, had fitted out a company to go through to the headwaters of the Columbia, trapping along the way and so on to Astoria (Astor's Fort on the Columbia) to work in the fur fields of the Pacific for the Astor Company.

The command of the expedition was given to Wilson P. Hunt of New Jersey. Hunt was to meet his men in St. Louis probably at the old "Rocky Mountain Hotel" which for years had been the home of the trappers and traders when they were in St. Louis. Here the Fur Companies outfitted their men each man with a leather trap-sack in which were carried his six or seven beaver traps and his possible-sack which was usually abbreviated to "possibles".

This "possible sack" was made of dressed buffalo skin and contained ammunition, some tobacco, dressed deer skins for moccasins and other small necessities. The horses or mules used for the expedition were usually procured from Indians and traders along the route. Generally each trapper had one horse or mule to ride and from one to three for the pack. In the Hunt party were Ramsey Crook, Donald McKenzie, John Day, John Reed, Robert McLellan, Pierre Dorion, the half-breed interpreter and his Indian wife, and a number of others in all about sixty white people. They started from St. Louis and ascended the Missouri by steamboat to the Big Cheyenne—where they started overland but were so harrassed by hostile Indians that they were forced to take a more southwesterly course than had been the original intention; continuing southwest they crossed the Wind River and the Wind River Mountains and so on out of the State without having found the South Pass or any easy mountain passes. To the Indian troubles experienced by this party, we owe the first trail made by white men across our State. The three Kentucky hunters Edward Robinson, Jacob Rizner and John Hoback who had joined the Hunt party remained in Wyoming for sometime hunting and trapping up and down the streams. The memory of Hoback is perpetuated in the river and canyon which bear his name. A small stream flowing into the Big Horn river from the west, was called the John Reed but the name has disappeared from the later maps: but the John Day still empties into the Snake. There were four rivers in as many states named for John Day. Day himself suffering from hardships and exposure died of insanity.

The commonly accepted date for the Hunt expedition is 1809-11, but the Government map of 1818 known as the Rector

map places the time at 1807. Whatever the true date may be it was the quest for furs which brought the first permanent white men into our state and we have no recorded history previous to the coming of these early trappers and traders. In order to understand fully the history of our state, it is necessary to know something of the character, the activities and the methods employed by these men as they were the forerunners of the settlers. To really know these early fur dealers is to know Wyoming. As they were nomadic in their habits they became familiar with the geography of the west as no other class of men had done; wandering over mountains and up and down streams they soon learned every pass—every haunt of wild animals, every beaver stream and every sheltered valley which by these men was called a "hole". Chittenden says that no Government explorer ever discovered anything after 1840 that these men had not known for years.

Unlike most persons of nomadic instincts they returned with periodic regularity to some spot which had been previously agreed upon: this spot was necessarily a broad sheltered valley or "hole". As they generally spent the winter in one of these valleys and returned in July for the rendezvous it was essential that the locality be well protected from the rigors of winter, should have good forage for stock and a stream with pure water and one which had not been entirely "trapped out" for in a scarcity of other game the beaver must furnish food as well as fur. The broad flat tail of the beaver was a delicacy equal to that of the buffalo tongue and the fur sometimes took the place of absorbent cotton. Ruxton in his "Rocky Mountain Life" says he saw a wound in the shoulder of the old French trapper La Bonti dressed by stuffing a handful of beaver fur into the wound and strapping it in place.

— There was a lapse of ten or twelve years before a second party visited the Rocky Mountain district. But a region so rich in fur-bearing animals could not long remain unharvested. Accordingly in 1822 Ashley entered the fur trade and established a trading post on the Yellowstone in what is now Montana—but was obliged to abandon it because of Indian troubles. He crossed over to the mouth of the Big Horn according to Chittenden and followed it to its source.

Among the men associated with Ashley was Andrew Henry, David Jackson, after whom the lake was named—the Sublette Brothers, Etienne Provost, who shares the honors with Fitzpatrick of having discovered the South Pass. Jedediah Smith and Jim Bridger. Smith and Bridger were the explorers of the group. Each man was a character in his way and each man

was a contributing factor in the development of Wyoming. Ashley was a man of intelligence, honest, shrewd and brave and of such agreeable personality that he was easily a leader of men. He revolutionized the fur trade by introducing the caravan and the rendezvous: the latter was a sort of movable trading post to which the Indians, trappers and traders came to exchange furs for tobacco, whiskey, coffee, sugar, gaudy calico and such other articles as appealed to the taste of the Red men and their wives. Once the Indian obtained whiskey he could be cheated out of anything and his weakness was encouraged by the traders, in violation of the fact that the Fur Companies prohibited the use of alcohol. Mrs. Elizabeth Arnold Stone in her recently published history of Uinta County says "not until Andrew Dripps became Indian Agent in 1842 was this pernicious custom brought under any control." Usually the trapper was more temperate in his drink than the Indian but often in a single night would gamble away the profits of a year and a story is told of one man who gambled away his own scalp. Ashley held his first rendezvous in July 1823 at a place a little north of the junction of Ham's fork with the Green River. On this occasion business methods new to the trappers were introduced: furs were counted and properly packed ready to be transported by pack animals and steamboats to the market in St. Louis. According to Luttig a "pack of furs" was made up of 10 buffalo robes, 14 bears, 60 otter, 80 beaver, 80 raccoon, 120 foxes or 600 muskrats and the purchasing power of a beaver "plew" as the pelts were called regulated the scale of prices.

John Work in his Journal relates that when trading with the Indians' furs were usually paid for with staple groceries and alcohol, and one can readily understand how profitable the fur business might be made when sugar was sold to the Indians at a \$1.00 per pound and diluted rum at \$8.00 per quart. Ashley himself paid for furs with sugar at \$1.00 per pound, gunpowder at \$1.30 per pound and diluted rum at \$13.50 per gallon. So great were his profits that he retired at the end of five years and lived in affluence in St. Louis for the remainder of his life. Not long after the retirement of Ashley, Major Henry also retired to St. Louis with a competency.

In the reorganized Company (now called the Rocky Mountain Fur Company) which followed the withdrawal of these men Wm. L. Sublette and Robert Campbell by the law of natural selection became the most influential men in the Company. Milton G. Sublette early joined his brother in the West. There were five Sublette brothers, four of whom entered the fur trade and spent several years principally in what is now Western

Wyoming. Wm. Sublette was regarded as one of the most masterful and intrepid leaders of his day. In 1831 he brought the first wagons to the foot of the Mountains, but did not cross over. It is a tradition that these were the first wagons on the Oregon Trail. After many years in the West, Wm. L. Sublette returned to St. Louis, where he was engaged in business for some years, but died while on his way to Washington, D. C. His death occurred in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania on July 23, 1845. Milton G. and Pinckney W. Sublette had remained in the West. According to the St. Louis Republican of June 16, 1837, Milton died on April 5th, 1837 at Ft. William on the Platte. Pinckney now left alone, continued to trap the streams of the Green River Valley until he too died in 1865 and was buried on the north bank of the Fontenelle near its mouth.

The ranch home of Mrs. Ella Walters on the La Barge keeps vigil over the site of this lonely grave. The body itself was disinterred in 1898 and the bones were carried to St. Louis where the skull was exhibited as mute evidence in a law suit.

The naming of Sublette County was an appropriate tribute to the memory of these brothers who helped to make a way for early settlements in the Western part of our State.

The Missouri Historical Society owns many manuscripts and letters concerning the Sublettes which are of great value to the student of Wyoming History; much other Wyoming History is also owned by this society.

Associated with the Sublettes and Robert Campbell in the fur trade was Fitzpatrick, Jim Bridger and Jedediah Smith. It is said that the last rendezvous conducted by these men was on the Wind River in 1830 and that the profits were large.

In 1832 Captain Bonneville obtained a leave of absence from the United States Army that he might go on an exploring tour into the Rocky Mountains. The expedition was fitted out at his own expense and his idea for using wagons instead of animals for transporting the packs proved a practicable one for in 1832 he crossed the Mountains, with four wheeled wagons and erected a house on Horse Creek which he intended to use for a fur-trading post: this was the first attempt at a permanent settlement in Wyoming: the post however was abandoned before a year but the site is marked by a granite marker bearing the inscription

Site of Fort Bonneville
1832-1915.

Today a Mountain peak and a town share honors with the old Fort.

The fur industry continued to be the only source of revenue and the place for the yearly rendezvous an important matter.

The records show that four times the location selected for the camp was on the Wind River: but the little valley formed by the junction of the Horse Creek and the Green River near the present town of Daniel in Sublette County seemed to meet all requirements better than any other place. It was to this spot that Rev. Samuel Parker had come in 1835 and on the Sunday P. M. of August 23, preached to all who could understand English. This was the first religious service held in Wyoming.

Dr. Wislizenus, a very able German physician exiled in this country, made a tour of the Rocky Mountains and was present when the rendezvous was held there in 1839. His description of this historic event is regarded as lucid and accurate. He says he crossed the Sweetwater toward the end of June, and continuing his journey crossed the Little and Big Sandy and the New Fork, and was on his way to the yearly summer rendezvous which usually took place in the neighborhood of the Green River. The streams arise in the Wind River Mountains and are tributary to the Green River. He had learned from the Agents that the right bank of the Green River at the angle formed by its confluence with the Horse Creek had been the place fixed upon. He says the camping place was about two miles above the Horse Creek along the right bank of the Green River. The Plain between the two streams was about 3 miles wide and because of its desirable location the rendezvous had been several times held there.

In 1840 Father De Smet crossing the country to labor with the Indians farther West, chanced upon this place while the rendezvous was being held. He says there were about 2000 trappers, traders and Indians present and to these he administered the Holy Eucharist and from this act, the place came to be known as the "Prairie of the Mass." On the 5th of last July (1925) Rt. Rev. P. A. McGovern of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Wyoming celebrated mass at this identical spot. Using for an Altar the base of the beautiful granite cross erected by the Knights of Columbus, to commemorate the first Mass celebrated in our State.

From the beginning of the industry, the price of furs had been steadily advancing: in 1800 beaver sold at \$1.00 per pound which was about \$1.25 per skin. In 1809 the price had risen to as high as \$4.00 per pound but after the war of 1812 the price dropped to \$2.50 per pound and stayed there until 1815: again the market value rose and in 1834 a plew would fetch as high

as \$8.00 to the pound: prices were now at their peak and a decline was inevitable, but the market kept good for a few years longer: then a substitute for beaver was found in such cheaper furs as Mexican nutria and improved preparations of hare, rabbit and other soft furs. Silk began to be used in the manufacturing of the "stove-pipe" and other hats, worn by men—materials of lighter weight than fur were growing in popularity and in the entire decade of the 30's the fashionable world had not cared greatly for fur—Europe never did take to the buffalo Robe and in America the demand for it had to be created and the use confined to coats and winter robes. At this time four dollars and a half for a robe was considered a good price. The old prices never came back and the big trappers were withdrawing from the field. Jim Bridger however stayed on and in 1842 built his fort on Black's fork of the Green River. It was not so much a fort or trading post as it was a rest house and repair shop for the outward bound emigrants. It was the first break in the long overland journey after leaving Fort Laramie. Here Bridger lived for several years with his Indian wife and half breed children. The trapper had become the settler. Bridger's Post was the second permanent settlement in Wyoming.

Quickly following the decline in the fur industry came the discovery of gold. The emigration to the far west had already set in when Mormon troubles brought the United States troops to Bridger's Fort and in 1858 the fort became a military post. The exigencies of the Civil War took the troops away temporarily, but the small settlement which had grown up about the post remained. Mr. W. A. Carter of Virginia and Missouri came out with Johnston's Army in 1857 as Post-trader. The house which Mr. Carter built and occupied until his death in 1881 is said to be the oldest residence in Wyoming. The first piano and the first threshing machine in the State were brought in by Judge Carter. A county and a town were named in honor of this early settler. Fort Bridger is one of the historic spots in the West. It has been a trapper trading and repair post, an emigrant supply depot, a military Post and a Pony Express Station. As early as 1863 your own lamented townspeople, Major and Mrs. Baldwin were stationed at Fort Bridger.

The Wind River Valley was settled soon after the Green River valley. Through the courtesy of the Baldwin Brothers, we learn from an old account book that in September 1867, "Samuel Devor" came to work for the winter to go to the Wind River Valley at seventy-five dollars and two first class Buffalo Robes with the privilege to use two yoke of cattle and the time

to fence and build a cabin on farm say not to exceed six weeks' time; during said time I am to board him "Signed—M. Baldwin."

From the Coutant collection of notes in the State Historical Department we take the following:

Mr. Stefano Gini (an Italian) says that when they came into the Valley in September 1868 he found a stone cabin on the Little Popoagie where he himself located; the next cabin was across the road opposite to the Jules Lamareaux farm house of later date, and that the next cabin was Mr. Baldwin's store and residence on Baldwin Creek. On February 1, 1868 the "Settlers of Wind River Valley" held a public meeting the object of which was to formulate a set of local laws. At this meeting it was

"Resolved that the boundarys of the Wind River agricultural District that shall embrace all the territory lying between the Wind River Mountains on the West the Rattle Snake range on the south and east and the Big Horn on the north by other with the Owl Creek on the Northwest.

"Resolved that each settler being entitled to locate one hundred and sixty acres of Farm Land under U. S. Preemption Laws shall define his boundaries by four Corner stakes firmly set not less than four inches and four feet in length with name and date of location legibly written there on and that each settler shall build a house on his claim on or before the first day of May 1868 not less than ten by twelve feet which shall hold his claim until the first day of December 1868 when he shall be required to occupy (occupy) the premises otherwise the claim shall be declared vacant and subject to relocation.

"Resolved that a committee of those to consist of Mr. W. Welch, Mr. Auston, Mr. N. B. Baldwin be appointed to bound and name a city site also to locate and bound publick Road."

The Officers were to be elected by a majority of the settlers and were to hold office for one year and thus was Lander born. As permanent settlements were being made, it became apparent that life and property must be protected from Indian attacks. With that end in view the Federal Government established a military post where Lander now stands and named it Fort Brown in honor of Captain Brown who had been killed in the Phil Kearney Massacre of December 21st, 1866. This was in 1869. In 1873 the Post was removed to what is now Fort Washakie. In 1870 Camp Stambough was established to protect the South Pass district but was abandoned in 1877.

With permanent settlements came the stock industry, the huge irrigation projects, the search for the earth's hidden treasures, the development of the small farm and the growth of community interest. The entire district we have been discussing is rich in historic lore, but there has been more detailed history published and there are more landmarks on the eastern slope of the mountains than on the western. Consequently it is easier for the wayfarer to follow the Trail east of the Divide. One reason for this might be because the road divided on leaving South Pass and the towering mountain peaks were left behind as far as history is concerned.

The early emigrant had little time to enjoy the scenery but the settler and his descendants have had time to take inventory of his surroundings.

Perhaps at no time in the history of the West has scenery and climate been such an asset as in the present. Much should be made of the beauty spots with which nature has been so lavish in Fremont County for they are both a rest and an inspiration to mind and soul. Nor should the opportunity be neglected to learn from the early settler himself at what cost he builded so well. The friendly talk may dispel the oft voiced plaint that the pioneer has had his day. You may help him to a realization that human experience and the wares of the mind cannot be purchased with coin of the realm and that as Carlisle has said "History is only philosophy in action."

In all the enterprises which have developed our State and its History the trapper, the settler, the Army, each had a constructive part and no section of Wyoming is a more satisfying field for historical study than the district which lies west of the 108th Meridian.

Written for the Music-Research Club of Lander.

Read September 7th, 1925.

Mrs. Cyrus Beard,
State Historian.

Laramie, Wyoming, September 28th, 1925.

Dear Mrs. Beard:—

The two articles which I sent you about the Thornburg massacre are the product of J. Scott Payne, a captain of the 5th Regiment Cavalry U. S. A. Undoubtedly in the days of October, 1879, Captain Payne wrote out in his own handwriting a memorandum which was later put into more tangible and printable form by someone who was at that time, October 1879, in the office of S. W. Downey, attorney at law. I have in my files an affidavit from Col. Downey's son regarding having found these papers in his father's office. I believe this is the information that you asked for sometime ago.

Dr. G. R. Hebard.

**CERTIFICATE OF CAPT. J. SCOTT PAYNE 5TH U. S. CAV-
ALRY CONCERNING LOSS AND DESTRUCTION OF
TRAIN AND SUPPLIES AT BATTLE ON MILK
RIVER (COLO.) SEPTEMBER 29TH, 1879**

I, J. Scott Payne, Captain 5th Regiment of Cavalry in the army of the United States do hereby certify on honor that being the commanding officer of Company F. 5th U. S. Cavalry, I accompanied the military expedition consisting of Co. E. 3rd Cavalry, Capt. Lawson Commanding Company Q. 5th Cavalry, Lieut. Paddock Commanding Co. F. 5th Cavalry, Capt. Payne Commanding and a part of Co. F. 4th Infantry, Lieut. Price Commanding sent to White River Indian Agency in September last (1879) under Command of Major Thomas F. Thornburg 4th Infantry, and that I participated in the battle on Milk River, fought September 29th, 1879, and being next in command to the said Major Thornburg who was killed in said action upon his death assumed command of said expedition remaining with the same while beleagued by Ute Indians on said Milk River and in the vicinity thereof and until the arrival of the relief column consisting of Companies B. A. M. L. 5th Cavalry and Cos. I. B. C. and E. 4th Infantry, Colonel Wesley Merritt, 5th Cavalry commanding on the 5th day of October 1879 being in the meantime twice wounded but able to observe, and carefully observing said battle and the subsequent environment of said command; that on the morning of the 29th day of September A. D. 1879, the said command marching from Rawlins, Wyoming Territory, to White River Indian Agency, Colorado, in descending the valley of Milk River in the State of Colorado on the West side of said stream and (where?) near the North line

of the White River Indian Reservation, overtook an ox-train consisting, of twenty-eight yoke of oxen with ten wagons laden with Indian supplies for White River Indian Agency in the State of Colorado, that said oxen were divided into five teams, each team drawing two wagons laden as aforesaid and all under charge of one John Gordon to whom said teams and wagons belonged and who were transporting said supplies to said White River Indian Agency under contract with one James France and for delivery to the Indian Agent at said agency for the use of the Ute Indians belonging to said agency and receiving supplies at that point in accordance with treaty stipulations; that said train was enroute to said agency on the usually traveled road and proceeding in the direction of said agency in good condition when overtaken by said command. That the said Major Thornburg commanding upon overtaking said team requested the said John Gordon who was in charge thereof to halt the same when overtaken by the transportation team accompanying his command in order to allow the same which was proceeding more rapidly than the team of the said Gordon was proceeding or could proceed to pass the latter which was proceeding in the same direction laden as aforesaid; that when the transportation train of the command overtook the train of the said Gordon, the said Gordon in compliance with the request of the said Major Thornburg halted his team and permitted that of the command to pass forward as it did the rear wagon of the train of the command having arrived opposite the advance wagon of Mr. Gordon's train when the troops under Major Thornburg engaged the enemy a short distance in advance and further down the said Milk River in the direction of said agency; that the enemy consisting of Ute Indians delivering their fire with great effect early in the engagement killed Major Thornburg the commander whereupon the command dissolved upon me, and the fight was continued during the day and for several days ensuing; that the command fell back upon the train and the Indians having taken possession of the surrounding hills and ridges which affording them a protection against the fire of the troops enabled them to deliver with great deliberation a deadly fire into the command and to prevent a successful retreat: that thereupon the train of the command was parked, and the troops began to intrench; that early in the engagement to retire being impossible the said Gordon closed up his train, so dispersing it as to afford a protection against the fire of the enemy, the train of the command parking and the command entrenching within fifty yards of the place where the said Gordon's train was standing and had been halted at the request of the said Major Thornburgh; that during the engage-

ment the enemy set fire to the grass and brush along Milk River and in the vicinity of the command, and the grass and brush being dry and parched the fire burnt with great fury coming rapidly in the direction of the train of the command threatening not only the entire destruction of the train and supplies of the command, but also that of the command itself whose danger was imminent; that at this juncture, being in command, I ordered the men of the command to set fire to the grass and brush in their vicinity and to fire against the fire set out by the Indians and which was rapidly approaching, in such manner as to counteract it and protect the train from destruction thereby; that such counter-fire was set out by my men in compliance with my orders and was effectual in preventing the imminent destruction of the train and men of the command; that the enemy keeping up a fire from the hills and ridges compelled the men of my command to keep under cover so that they could not control the counter-fire set out by my orders and which were spreading in the direction of the said Gordon's train threatened its destruction; that the said Gordon endeavored to save his train and to that end used great exertion; that the fire surrounding his train soon enveloped it in flames and the enemy keeping up a fire from every direction, would pour it with deadly effect upon the said Gordon and his men whenever he would attempt to save his train from total destruction, one of his men being wounded and the rest in imminent danger of being killed when loosing the cattle (oxen) from the train he was compelled to take refuge in the intrenchments of the command; that the said train of Gordon together with all supplies with which it was laden was totally destroyed by the fire set out by my orders to save my train and which did save it, and my command but which the Indians prevented him from extinguishing before it reached the said Gordon's train, and that the oxen of the said Gordon disengaged from the train, some fifty-six in number, were either killed or driven off by the enemy, and I further certify on honor that if it had not become necessary for me to set out the fire which saved my train but burnt the train of the said Gordon it would have become necessary for me to have the said Gordon's train to prevent its being used by the Indians as a protection against our fire in approaching our intrenchments were it not that the fire set out by the enemy would in any event have destroyed said train which it was rapidly approaching, was much as the Indians under cover of the bluffs could have reached an arroya, the head of which was near the said Gordon's train where the same had been halted, and which would have protected them from our fire while taking position behind the wagons of said train; and I

further certify on honor that the said Gordon had taken protection in our works and his train had been destroyed, rendered my command most valuable services, by taking out dispatches on the night after the fight began and finding and conducting Capt. Dodge's Co. I 9th U. S. Cavalry to my timely relief, thereby adding greatly to our sense of security, the said John Gordon under the most trying circumstances being cool and collected and withal unostentatious and accommodating and always ready and willing to undertake the most important services and to discharge them with fidelity.

Territory)
)
County of Albany)

Martin L. Brandt being duly sworn deposeth and saith that in the month of October 1879 after the battle with Ute Indians on Milk River in the State of Colorado he visited the White River Indian Agency in said state passing over the usually traveled road leading from Rawlins in the Territory of Wyoming, to said agency and being among the first to arrive at said agency after the massacre which occurred thereon or about the 29th day of September, A. D. 1879; that in passing from Rawlins to said agency he saw where large quantities of property consisting of Indian supplies, agricultural machinery, wagons, etc., had been destroyed by the Ute Indians as he has reason to believe while being transported to said agency under contract with James France of Rawlins and that he saw where large quantities of such property had been so destroyed at said agency, and that he recognized the places where such property had been destroyed and the fact that such property had been destroyed by the remnants thereof lying near and in smouldering heaps of debris where the rest thereof had been burned and almost consumed in the immediate vicinity of burnt wagons and in and about the ruins of the agency buildings at said White River Agency.

And affiant further and more particularly saith that at a point on the road from Rawlins to White River Indian Agency about one hundred and sixty miles from Rawlins and forty miles from said agency, he saw the remains of a burnt wagon which he ascertained to be the property of one McCarger who was hauling Indian supplies to said agency to be delivered there under contract for freight with one James France, and which wagon was laden in part with fencing wire, axes, cutters and other hardware as appeared from the remnants of the load seen by affiant where said wagon and the residue of the load had been burnt, that proceeding farther at a point about 70 miles

from Rawlins and 30 from said agency he saw where another wagon and two trucks together with their loads insofar as the same were consumable by ordinary fire had been burnt; that the dead bodies of three men lay in the vicinity thereof, to-wit, one body recognized to be the body of George Gordon who was freighting to said agency for one James France, and two bodies recognized to be the bodies of his employees, all of whom had the appearance of having been killed by Indians and that from the remnants of the loads with which said trucks and wagon were laden it appeared that said trucks had been laden with a threshing machine and horse power while said wagon was laden with crockery or delf-ware the iron parts of a threshing machine and power being intact while the crockery or delf ware in a heap, all however, being so broken, marked, or otherwise damaged by the flames as to be almost entirely worthless; that in the immediate vicinity of the intrenchments made during the battle of Milk River on and after September 29, 1879, and where said battle was fought, he examined the remains of the wagons belonging to one John Gordon who was, under contract with James France, transporting supplies to said agency; that said wagons had been burnt and that the debris of their loads contained remnants of flour tin ware, cooking utensils and diverse other articles of Indian supplies indicating that they were laden with such property all of which had been destroyed and rendered useless by the flames which almost completely consumed both wagons and loads; that proceeding further toward the agency and when about ninety miles from Rawlins and ten miles from said agency he saw where two wagons laden with flour had been burnt and almost completely destroyed, the remains of flour being charred and the iron parts of the wagons only remaining as in case of John Gordon's ten wagons with loads destroyed on Milk Creek where the battle was fought and that upon his making search in the vicinity of said two wagons he found the body of a man, who had been killed and upon whose person was found the annexed paper marked "Exhibit A" and purporting to be a receipt for flour delivered at the agency for the said James France by one Carl Goldstein who was hauling supplies to said agency for the said France and that said body was recognized as that of the said Carl Goldstein, and a dead body lying near the same as that of one of his employees; that upon his arrival at the site of the White River agency he found that all but one of the agency buildings had been burned and that the agent and six of his employees whose bodies lay scattered about the grounds had been killed; that all inflammable supplies in the burnt buildings had been consumed or lay in smouldering heaps half-charred; that the flour house

had not been burned and contained a large quantity of flour which had been emptied from the sacks trodden under foot by man and beast and animal for ordinary use, the quantity of flour so destroyed at the agency being estimated at some 30,000 pounds and that among the property not totally destroyed and partly uninjured he found six cook stoves, platform scales, wagons and agricultural implements but partly injured and that in the smouldering ruins he found charred corn flour and other provisions which the fire had not entirely consumed and affiant further saith that he has good and sufficient reasons to believe and doth believe that all of said depredations were committed by the White River Ute Indians on and about the 29th day of September A. D. 1879, and that he has reason to believe and does believe that the persons having charge of the property lost and destroyed are not only due but unusual and extraordinary diligence to prevent such loss and destruction.

From the Files of Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, Professor of Sociology, University of Wyoming.

WYOMING TERRITORY,

October 1879.

I J. Scott Payne Captain of the 5th Regiment of Cavalry U. S. A. do hereby certify on honor that in September 1879 I was with the Command of the late Major T. F. Thornberg in Command of F. Company of the 5th Cavy. Regiment of U. S. A. with said command on the expedition from Rawlins, Wyoming Territory, to the White River Indian Agency in the State of Colorado. That I was engaged in the battle fought on the 29th day of September A. D. 1879 and was the officer in command after the death of Major Thornberg. That on the morning of the 29th day of September 1879 the said command overtook and passed the freight train in charge of Mr. John Gordon consisting of five cattle teams—with ten wagons—there being one trail wagon to each team—on the road from Rawlins, Wyoming, to said White River Agency a short distance before we (the said command) were engaged in said battle. That at request Mr. John Gordon stopped his train on the roadside and allowed the wagon train belonging to our command to pass him and his train. That at the time of the commencement of the battle on Milk River Colorado September 29, 1879 the said John Gordon was close in rear of and in the vicinity of our wagon train; that the train of the said John Gordon (of which he was in charge (to wit five cattle teams—with ten (10) wagons was

and were loaded with "Indian goods" for the Ute Indians at White River Agency and were enroute from Rawlins, Wyoming, to that point.

That after the said battle had commenced and while the same was going on the said John Gordon for safety and protection corralled his said train—teams and wagons—close to (with fifty yards of) where the wagon train belonging to our command was parked.

That during said battle the Indians set fire to the grass and brush and which fire raged and burned furiously and was coming rapidly toward our wagon train threatening the entire destruction not only of our wagon train and supplies but also of the command and in order if possible to save our wagon train and command, I being then in command ordered the man to set fire to the grass and brush and fire against the Indian fire and this was done and by hard work fighting the fire it was kept from our train and thus our train and ourselves were saved. That the fire set by my orders was the fire that burned the train of John Gordon. That is the fire I ordered against the Indian fire spread around to the team and corral of Mr. Gordon and set those wagons and goods on fire and destroyed and burned all his ten wagons and the goods and property with which they were loaded. That after same were on fire and the Indians had opened a heavy fire on Mr. Gordon and his men and on my command from different directions by which one of Gordon's men was wounded he was (the said Gordon) was forced to loose his cattle and stock from the wagons and flee toward camp for his life and that all of his stock was then either killed or run off by the Indians. I would therefore say that the entire train of Mr. Gordon was burned and destroyed by the fire started by my orders incident to said battle. That it was necessary for me to do as I did to save my command. That had I not done as I did the entire wagon train belonging to my command would have been destroyed and burned and my entire command killed and burned—and that had I not done as I did the Indian fire would certainly have also burned the train and property of Mr. Gordon. I further state that if Mr. Gordon's train had not been destroyed and burned that it could have been used by the Indians as a protection to steal upon us where we were fortifying—it being about or near fifty yards from our camp the Indians could have come up the creek and been protected by it had it not been destroyed and burned as it was. So that although Mr. Gordon did all that any man could do at the risk of his life to save his train yet the burning thereof was one of the important things that helped to save our command. I would also further state the services rendered to our command

by Mr. Gordon after the fight cannot be over estimated. I consider that every man who came out of our besieged command owe their lives to Mr. Gordon's bravery and prompt action in going out with dispatches on the night of the fight and when the dispatches were safely on their way to Rawlins by then moving at once for Upper Bear River country and hunting up the command of Captain Dodge and guiding him through the Indians country and camp to our relief making the 85 miles march in 23 hours.

I would further say that I consider Mr. Gordon entirely reliable and worthy of confidence. A man of intelligence cool collected and gentlemanly in his deportment and unostentatious of what he has done having only acted from a sense of duty to do what he could without taking any thought of himself or that he was doing anything extraordinary.—From the files of Dr. Hebard.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

(State Historian)

Mrs. Mary Sun who is the widow of Mr. Tom Sun, Sr., gave the State Historical Department a group of three photographs of a size for framing. The smallest one, 8x10 inches, is a picture of Devil's Gate on the Sweetwater. This gate was one of the land marks on the Oregon Trail. Another picture, 2 feet 8' x 9½' inches, shows the Sun Rancho Buildings and corrals lying between the Sweetwater River and the Oregon Trail—Devil's Gate and the Sweetwater rocks make a conspicuous background. The third picture 9½ x 23' shows the rancho house to which Mrs. Sun went as a bride nearly 42 years ago. This is a good picture of the type of the early Wyoming rancho home. The Oregon Trail is plainly defined in the front of the picture.

Mrs. Thos. E. Sun gave the picture of Sun Rancho taken from the top of Devil's Gate. This picture shows the mountains in the distance, the Whiskey Gap, the Oregon Trail, the long winding historic Sweetwater with its meadows between the river and the Sweetwater Rocks and the Old Oregon Trail which passes in front of the Sun Rancho.

Albert B. Bartlett, State Geologist, has given a group of five small kodak pictures (2¾ x 4½) illustrative of early mines in Wyoming. One is a picture of Mr. Ed Haggarty, discoverer of Rudefeha Mine, April 18, 1898, which up to date has been Wyoming's greatest copper mine. The picture was taken at the

original discovery point. The old buildings of the Rudefeha are shown in another picture. The Carrissa Mine at South Pass is shown where the original discovery of gold in this district was made—this mine has produced about one million dollars worth of gold. Mine known as "Nineteen Fourteen" is being worked by the Homestake Company of Lead, South Dakota. The last picture is of Lewiston, one of the old gold camps of the State, and is situated on the Overland Trail. Prospecting is being done now at Lewiston.

STATE FAIR

Since the creation by Act of Legislature of a State Historical Department, it has been the custom for the Department to have a place on the State Fair Program. The object is to bring together the early settlers and all who are interested in the traditions and development of our State.

In scope the Program is reminiscent of Pioneer life and early day history and its preservation and the plan for this meeting is generally made by the State Historian. This year a severe attack of neuritis made it impossible for the State Historian to do the customary work or to attend the Fair and the Natrona County Historical Society very graciously took charge and put on the Program. Mrs. W. S. Kimball was Chairman of Committee on Arrangement, ably assisted by Mrs. Tessa Schulte, Mrs. Minnie Blackmore and Mrs. P. C. Nicolaysen all of Casper. Mr. Thomas Cooper, President of the Society, presided. Mr. D. W. Greenburg represented the State Historical Society.

The attendance at this meeting was very large and only praise has been expressed about the Program and the manner in which it was conducted. The State Historian takes pleasure in hereby acknowledging and expressing her appreciation of the fine cooperation Mr. Greenburg and the Natrona County Historical Society has given to the State Historical Department.

J. M. CULVER, CHEYENNE, WYOMING TERRITORY

Born in Ulster County, New York near Catskill Mountains at 14 moved to Wayne County, New York, where he lived on a farm six years; from there he came west to Ipsilanti, Michigan. Messrs. Culver and Powell brought the first separator thrashing machine into Michigan and he says it drew a bigger crowd than the "general training" for everybody for miles around turned out to see the wonder. Moved to Whiteside County, Illinois in '47 where engaged in same business. In 1849 went to St. Joe to outfit for California. Mr. Culver relates as an incident of the journey how at Court House Rocks on the Platte River, some of the boys left the train thinking to walk over and see the rock and back the same afternoon. They travelled all night to get there and on way back got lost and had to be looked up by balance of train. When they reached Green River were obliged to float their wagons unloaded across on a few logs tied together for a raft, on the last trip they loaded the logs too heavy and it capsized in middle of stream and Mr. Culver got a wetting. They lost all heavy articles but in true western style made up the loss by the use of rawhides. As an incident of the true grit of the old '49ers Mr. Culver relates how a certain Uncle Vanorman who started across about the same time quarrelled with his son so that his four horse outfit was reduced to two, then to one horse and two wheels of a wagon-cart style. Still he kept on and on, reaching the Sierras Uncle Van was obliged to take his cart apart and pack it piece by piece up the mountain, then rejoin it and drive on. Many old timers will remember the grit of this man and laugh over the same. Mr. Culver struck camp and began mining on the American River, some four miles above Mormon Island where he was successful. Dirt anywhere along the river at that time was very rich paying from 25 cents to \$5.00 per pan. Mr. Culver relates how in 1850 on Scott River he sold one pan of ore for \$18.00 but what did that amount to when flour sold at \$2.00 per pound salaratus at same price and everything in proportion. While at this camp they were raided by a band of Indians who shot a volley of arrows into the Miners midst as they set about the camp fire gambling, none of the miners were killed but two of the Indians were. Mr. Culver remained in California 13 years during which time he made and lost several fortunes in different kinds of business: was at one time in company with J. W. H. Campbell in the Salmon business, who is now a resident of San Francisco. In 1875 came to Wyoming and engaged in Sheep ranching on the Muddy, where he made a success, some 3 years ago moved to Cheyenne where he now

resides engaged in cattle and real estate. Mr. Culver moved to Hyde Park, New York in 81 intending to live there but like many a westerner returned to Wyoming where he intends to remain.

Coutant.

FRANK ECOFFEY

Switzerland is the country of which Mr. Ecoffey is a native and was born in 1836. In the year 1854 he came to America remaining in St. Louis one year when he came to Fort Laramie. Here he herded stock and clerked for Bissonette the celebrated interpreter. He was with Bissonette until 1861. When he left his employ and kept stage station for Holiday, keeping it two years until it was abandoned. He having built it for Holiday in 1859, went there to Colorado one year. In the 1859 and 60 was assistant Postmaster for Bissonette. In winter of 1863 went to Colorado returning soon after worked all that winter for his brother in the spring of 1864 the Indians broke out and he was guide for an expedition to recapture stock stolen from emigrants by Indians which resulted in killing Lieutenant Brown from which Browns Springs was named near Fort Fetterman. In 1864 cut hay along the Sweetwater river to supply the troops stationed from South Pass to Platte Bridge. In 1865 kept store at Platte Bridge and during this time was corralled by Indians. In 1866 went to old Fort Reno in employ of his brother in charge of a wagon train was attacked several times by Indians but were repulsed each time on his return took charge of Ranch 6 miles east of Fort Laramie, remaining until next spring. In 1867 established a ranch with High Kelly on Horse Creek. In spring of 1869 came to Rawlins and remained a short time when he went to Atlantic City and Sweetwater Gold Mines sunk \$13000.00. He was beef contractor for Fort Stambough and Camp Brown for three years. He bought and owned the ranch upon which the City of Lander now stands, was assessor for Sweetwater County two years and at present lives in Lander. He owns a ranch in Johnson County. Has 200 to 300 head of stock, has been constable and justice of the peace but did not qualify as justice; was well acquainted with all the old time guides and Generals and Mountaineers who have gone down to fame for daring and bravery. Was married in 1867 to the daughter of the Interpreter Bissonette and has a family of 9 children, a family of bright intelligent children and were respected by all, their names are Aimee, Mary, Jule, Josephine, Joseph and Louisa (twins) Pacifique, Addie and Albert (twins).

Coutant.

ACCESSIONS FROM JULY 1st TO OCTOBER 1st, 1925

DOCUMENTS

- Blackman, Rev. J. C.....Twelve photostatic copies of Revolutionary Records.
- Taylor, Mrs. T. L.....Two letters dates 1889-1892. 1 receipt, 1 certificate of deposit 1888. 1 commission appointing B. A. Hart, Postmaster at Fort Laramie, signed June 12, 1880 by D. M. Key Postmaster General and bearing seal of United States Post Office Department.
- Smith, Rev. F. C.....Data on Indian troubles from Post record books of Old Fort Laramie.
- McDonald, J. T.....Stage Coach Passenger Register 1884-1888. (Conditional gift.)

MUSEUM

- Bartlett, Albert, State Geologist..Five Kodak Pictures. See Notes and Comments.
- McGovern, Bishop P. A.....Collection of kodak pictures taken at the DeSmet Memorial at Daniel, Wyoming. Portrait of Bishop McGovern.
- Kitts, Mr.....Copper rifle shell with iron percussion base; used in Indian Wars in early '60's found near Burnt Rancho on Oregon Trail.
- Pryde, Mr. George.....One Union Pacific Service Button.
- Taylor, Mrs. T. L.....One case lead type used at Old Fort Laramie.
- Voorhees, Mrs. Luke.....Ox yoke with date 1859—yoke used on Oregon Trail.
- Dragon Sabre found by Mr. Geo. G. Jenks (father of Mrs. Voorhees). This sabre was found about 50 miles from Laramie—after the Sioux battle in which Yellow Hand was killed by "Buffalo Bill".

- Hartzell, WilliamIndian Hammer, fine specimen found near Green Top Mountain near Little Horse Creek. Piece of iron tie plate from old U. P. Ry. on Sherman hill by Ames Monument. One 1857 penny.
- Sun, Mrs. Mary and Mrs. Tom.....Four photos of Sun Rancho—See notes and comments.
- Bonser, W. A.....Framed photo of old Durant Fire Eng. Co. Picture taken in front of old City Hall. Mr. Percy Smith's furniture store now occupies the building.
- Schilling, Mr. Adam.....Spanish Flag pulled from Counsel House in Spanish American War by W. A. Schilling.

PAMPHLETS

- Lloyd, Henry.....Wyoming resources, 1889.
- Crawford, Lewis F.....The Medora-Deadwood Stage Line by Lewis F. Crawford, Superintendent North Dakota State Historical Society.
 Ft. Union and its neighbors on the upper Missouri.
 A glance at the Lewis and Clark expedition.
 Chief Joseph's own story.
 The Story of Marias Pass.
 Frontier Scout: Vol. 1, Nos. 2, 3, 4.
 The Verendrye Tablet.
 Invitation to and program of the Upper Missouri Historical Expedition.
- Winters, Congressman C. E.....Congressional Report on the Oregon Trail.
- Pryde, Mr. George.....Two copies "Roster of Membership of Old Timers" Association at Rock Springs.

WAR HISTORY

- Beach, Mrs. Cora.....A. L. A. Bulletin Number 9.
- Beach, Mr. A. H.....First copy of original of the first order
to reach 41st Division Headquarters
on the date of Reorganization. Major
Harvey E. Lonabaugh, Commanding;
Alfred H. Beach, Adjutant.

BOOKS

- Sapp, Mr. Hiram.....Two copies "Cheyenne City and Busi-
ness Directory 1892".
- Thomas, Bishop N. S.....Twelve bound volumes of Wyoming
Churchman 2 to 12 inclusive and Vol-
ume 14.
- Onondaga Historical Society.....Life of Conrad Weiser, Indian interpre-
ter.
- Mrs. Cyrus Beard.....Captivity of the Oatman girls.

MAGAZINES

- Carroll, Major C. G.....Set of Recruiting News, carrying the
Diary "The March of the Mounted
Rifleman".

MANUSCRIPTS

- Herron, Ralph Vance.....Poem.
- Bobbitt, Mr. T. N.....Sketch of life. "Sun River Stampede".
- Jenkins, Mrs. Therese.....Article on Presbyterian Church.
- Waller, John LeRoy.....History of Converse County.
- Emery, Mrs. Maude.....Mail Route between Rock Springs and
Lander.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Bishop McGovern, | Mrs. F. N. Shiek, |
| Dr. Hebard, | O. A. Kennedy. |
| Mrs. Therese Jenkins, | |

LIST OF OLD FORTS IN WYOMING

Camp Auger, Wyoming.....	On Little Wind River, name changed to Fort Washakie.
Fort Bridger, Wyoming.....	Near Carter, U. P. Railway, Uinta County, now town of that name.
Camp Brown	Now Fort Washakie.
Fort John Buford.....	Name changed to Fort Sanders.
Fort Casper	At Platte Bridge.
Depot Cheyenne	On Fort D. A. Russell Reservation.
Fort Connor.....	Name changed to Fort Reno.
Fort D. A. Russell.....	Near Cheyenne.
Camp Devin.....	On Little Missouri River.
Fort Fetterman.....	Near mouth of La Prele Creek, about 12 miles from Douglas.
Fort Halleck	At the foot of Medicine Bow Mountains.
Camp O. O. Howard.....	At Pine Bluffs.
Fort Phil Kearny.....	Big Horn Mts., between the Big and Little Piney Forks of Powder River.
Fort Kinney	Same as Fort McKinney.
Fort Laramie.....	Near mouth of Laramie River, Laramie County: now town of that name.
Fort McHenry.....	
Fort MacKenzie	Near Sheridan.
Fort McKinney.....	On Powder River: established as cantonment Reno.
Camp Marshall	North Fork of the Platte River.
Camp Medicine Butte	Near Evanston.
Camp Payne	Near Fort Laramie.
Camp Pilot Butte.....	At Rock Springs.
Fort Piney	On Piney Creek in Uinta County.

Fort Reno	On Powder River, first called Fort Connor.
Fort Reno	On Powder River, 3 miles north of old Fort Reno.
Cantonment Reno	Name changed to Fort McKinney.
Camp Rock Springs.....	Camp Pilot Butte.
Fort D. A. Russell.....	3 miles from Cheyenne.
Fort Sanders	3 miles from Laramie City, first called Fort John Buford.
Camp Sheridan	Name changed to Fort Yellowstone.
Camp Stambaugh	In Smith's Gulch, near Atlantic City.
Ford Fred Steele.....	On North Platte River.
Fort Thompson	On the Popoagie River, in Sweetwater County.
Camp Walbach	On Lodge Pole Creek, near Cheyenne Pass.
Fort Washakie	On Shoshoni Indian Reservation: first called Camp Augur.
Sulphur Creek Coal Reservation...	
Wyoming State Soldiers' Home....	Cheyenne, now at Buffalo, Wyoming.
Fort Yellowstone	In Yellowstone National Park; first named Camp Sheridan.
Bitter Cottonwood Camp.....	Nebraska, 22 miles west of Fort Laramie.
Camp Davis	Nebraska, at Platte Bridge, 120 miles above Fort Laramie.
Fort Grattan	Nebraska, at Ash Hollow, Taylor County, Platte River.

From Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army
by Francis B. Heitman.

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Volume III. Number 3. January, 1926



Lincoln Highway just west of summit of Sherman Hill looking west



Highest point on Lincoln Highway looking east

Courtesy of Highway Department

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REMINISCENCES OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER

My father, Charles D. Griffin was born in Paris, Illinois the son of Andrew and Ellen (Lackie) Griffin. My grandfather died a few weeks before my fathers birth which was March 21, 1847. My grandmother died at his birth. My grandparents were both orphans but my grandmother's grand-parents were living and my father was taken into their home. Grandfather Lackie was practically helpless from inflammatory rheumatism for several years before his death which occurred in 1854. My grandmother Lackie then went to live with her son John and my father was taken to the home of his Uncle William but as Uncle William died in 1856 father was again homeless. He was kept in different homes until the season of 1861 when he went into the home of Alexander Campbell where he remained till the Civil War broke out.

My father tells of an incident that occurred in the fall of 1860 that may be interesting to some. Campbell was a quite wealthy man and had a large family of girls. As these girls married he gave each of them a piece of land near his home. One of his son's-in-law was quite noted for having more run away mules than most people. As Campbell and his force of workmen were gathering their crops in the fall of 1860 they heard a sound as of a running team with a wagon and all ran to the road to stop the team, as they supposed it was one of Grier's teams but when they came in sight of the road no team was visible and the sound seemed to be over their heads. The sky was cloudless so it was not a rumble of thunder. The sound seemed to travel from the south toward the north east and was heard for many miles in both directions. There were many articles in the papers about it at that time but just what caused this noise was never determined.

When the war was declared Mr. Campbell was one of the first to volunteer and left at once for Springfield. He told my father to continue to make his home with Mrs. Campbell but Dad ran away and entered John A. Logan's Camp at a point not far from Peoria, Illinois. Mrs. Logan was in the camp with her

husband and finding that a number of the children there had no education she organized a school for them and became their teacher and needless to say their idol. This was practically all the education my father ever received. After a very few weeks in camp my father, then in his fifteenth year, was transferred to the 12 Illinois 3rd Regiment Company K, Infantry Volunteers and remained with the Army of the Tennessee until mustered out in Washington D. C. 1865. He saw active service in the following battles: Murfreesboro, Pittsburg Landing, Vicksburg Landing and several minor engagements in one of which he was slightly wounded and was with Sherman on his march to the sea.

When father was in the employ of the Union Pacific as stationery engineer in 1892 General G. M. Dodge made a tour of inspection over the road and met father; he noticed father's Masonic emblem and asked him his name, giving in return his own. Dad asked him if he were not Gen. Dodge, he said he was and Dad asked him if he remembered ordering "fake" guns placed on the defenses at the battle of skirmishers. Dodge said he did and Dad told him he helped in placing the "guns" directly under Gen. Dodges supervision. They then had a real heart to heart talk of war times. At the close of the war my father returned to his old home at Paris, Illinois and entered the services of David Plunkett and his wife "Aunt Ad" as every one called her.

The Plunketts moved to Missouri in 1868 and my father accompanied them and there met and married my mother (1874). My mother's family are of pioneer stock the first Crawford coming to America in 1670 landing at Ashley, S. C. moving later to Delaware where William Crawford married a "Huguenot lady of distinction" according to records of the Biblo Publishing Company, Pompton Lake, N. J. This William removed to Westmoreland County where his son William was born in 1732 and where William Sr. died about 1746. Mrs. Crawford married for her second husband John Stephenson and raised a family by him. William Jr. is thus spoken of in Volume 22 of the Ohio Archeological and Historical Publication 1898, in an article by James H. Anderson. "In the year 1749 when George Washington was surveying the immense tract of land for his friend Lord Fairfax, he made the acquaintance of William Crawford, whose home and birth place was in Orange County, Va. the most northern part of the valley" (This part of Orange County was cut off later to form Berkley County and variously sub-divided). Quoting from Anderson he continues, "This rich and romantic region had not long been occupied by white men when William Crawford came upon the scene in 1732 and the

customs of the inhabitants were primitive and simple. When first seen by Washington, William Crawford was a youth of fine manly appearance, above six feet in height and in point of strength and activity a very athlete. While surveying in the neighborhood of the Crawford homestead, which became the headquarters of Washington, a friendship sprang up between these two noble minded young men that lasted till the tragic end came * * * Crawford now (1750) accompanied Washington on his surveying tours and thus acquired the art of surveying which he thence forth pursued, along with farming, till stern war demanded his whole time energy and resources. In 1755 he forsook surveying and farming to face the common enemy of the settler the Indian. He accepted a commission as ensign and with Washington fought under Braddock, * * *. The gallantry of Ensign Crawford was such that he was made a Lieutenant the next year (1756) * * * From 1755 to 1758 he was employed on the frontiers of Penn. and Va. in garrison duty, leading scouting parties etc."

It having been decided in 1758 to make another attempt to reduce Ft. Duquesne, Washington, who was now commander in chief of the Virginia troops, secured for Crawford a commission as captain, who thereupon recruited a full company of frontiersmen to serve under his friend and benefactor (Weem's Life of Washington Page 29) Captain Crawford's long military service having made him familiar with the rich region of S. W. Penn., then supposed to be a part of Va., he decided to make it his home. In 1765 he built a cabin on Braddock's road, at Stewart Crossing's about 40 miles from Pittsburg on the Yonghiogheny River in what is now Fayette County, Pa. It was then Cumberland, later Bedford, afterwards Westmoreland and finally Fayette. It was then a (1765) "howling wilderness" in almost every direction. As soon as his cabin was ready for occupancy he commenced trading with the Indians and in surveying lands for speculators and settlers and in two years a large part of his farm, probably with the assistance of slaves was cleared. Here his wife and three children joined him in 1766." "Crawford's place of 376 acres was better known than any other west of the mountains for his hospitality and big hearted generosity knew no bounds. * * * On the 13th of October 1770 George Washington paid his friend a visit * * * on the 20th of October Washington and Crawford started down the Ohio in a large canoe. "In November Washington bade the Crawfords adieu and started over the mountains for his Potomac home." (On his return he wrote John Crawford a letter thanking him for a haunch of venison and sending him a "small packet." This letter is in possession of a

cousin in Tenn. but no one knows what the packet contained.) "In 1770 Crawford was appointed one of the Justices for Cumberland County. * * * In 1771 of Bedford County (which that year had been cut off of Cumberland) and when in turn Westmoreland County was formed from Bedford he was appointed Justice of that County and became presiding judge of the courts.

Crawford was by no means idle during Dunmores War. In May 1774 having received a Captain's Commission from the Governor of Virginia he raised a company without delay and set out for Fort Pitt * * A treaty of peace having been signed (Crawford returning home." On account of a boundary dispute between the colonies of Pa. and Va. and also a difference in the policy of the two in regard to their relations with the Indians, in both of which Crawford sided with his native place he for a time lost popularity in Pa. and when after the battle of Lexington Crawford tendered his services to the Council of Safety at Philadelphia they were declined, but Va. was glad to accept his services and on January 12th, 1776 he was appointed Lieut. Col. of the 5th Va. Regiment and October 11, 1776 Col. of the 7th Va. (Heitmans Register). He joined the main force under Washington near Philadelphia in 1777 and rendered efficient service in the movements leading to the Battle of the Brandywine. He was also in the battle of Germantown. Late in 1777 Crawford was ordered west of the mountains and took command of the militia of the western counties of Va. but this lost him his command in the Continental Line. He marched with Gen. McIntosh into the Indian country in Nov. 1778 in command of a brigade and was present at the building of Ft. McIntosh in what is now Beaver County, Pa., and for two years following was from time to time in command of this post." "On several occasions Crawford, at the head of a small force of militia invaded the Indian Country in what is now Ohio, and his incursions were usually successful, so that for a time the savages were less aggressive."

"In 1780 Crawford visited Congress and asked for a larger appropriation for the protection of the frontier and soon afterwards war materials and supplies were sent to Fort Pitt and other western posts. After returning home and during that year Crawford again on several occasions led small bands in pursuit of marauding savages."

"In 1782 Crawford was selected to command an expedition against the Delaware and Wyandot Indians on the Sandusky River, and on June 4, on the plains N. E. of the present site of Sandusky he encountered a combined force of about 300 British and Indians. His troops were discouraged by the superior

forces of the enemy. He ordered a retreat which became a confused flight. He was separated from the main body of the troops, captured by the Indians and burned at the stake after terrible torture," the details of which as given both in Mr. Anderson's article and other accounts are too horrible to write. His wife was Hannah Vance of Cumberland County whom he married in 1754. They were the parents of four children, John, Sarah (Harrison Springer). Her husband Wm. Harrison was killed in the same battle that her father was captured in as was a young cousin, William Crawford) Effie (McCormick) Ann (Connell).

John moved to Kentucky in 1786 and died there. Sarah married for her 2nd husband Major Uriah Springer who died in 1828 at Connellsville. Sarah died in 1829 or '30. Effie remained in Pa. as did also Ann. Ann Connell had a daughter Nancy who married James Carson and moved to Tenn. in 1789 or 90. Their son, Stuart, fought in the War of 1812 and John in the Battle of Buena Vista. The Carson's daughter Sarah Hickman Carson married on Feb. 10, 1825 Samuel Jamison of Va. in Nashville, Tenn. They removed to Missouri in 1838 where Samuel Jamison had one of the first flouring mills in S. E. Missouri. Dr. D. B. Rigdon grand-father of Charles Rigdon, attorney in Cheyenne taught a term of school to which the Jamison children went about 1849—when the California gold rush was on. My mother is the daughter of Samuel and Sarah Carson Jamison. She was born August 30, 1844 and married my father in Missouri, August 26, 1874. Her maiden name being Elon Eliza Jamison. My father worked at various things including farming, freighting and locomotive fireman and engineer on the Iron Mt. road until Sept. of 1880 when he came to Wyoming with C. P. Organ the founder of the P. O. Ranch near Cheyenne. Mr. Organ's father and mother had been friends and neighbors of grandfather and grandmother Jamisons in Tenn. and were also their neighbors in Missouri so a very warm friendship existed between the two families. C. P. Organ or "Perry" as the family called him taught a term of school having my mother and aunt among his pupils. John Organ was editor of the Salem (Mo.) Monitor for nearly half a century. Perry came to Wyoming and was making a good start; perhaps it would be as well to state here that he was most liberal to the people who had been friends of the Organ family and that had not prospered as he had. Mr. Organ built a chapel in the old church yard where his people were buried and in many ways not so obtrusive aided his home community. He was in the habit of going back to Missouri every fall and buying cattle to be shipped to Wyoming to help stock the P. O.

It was on one of these trips that Mr. Organ suggested to my father that Wyoming might hold greater opportunities for him than Missouri did.

My father and mother discussed the matter and it was finally decided that Dad should come leaving mama, my brother Charles J. Griffin, and me until Dad should see what he thought of the prospects here. Camp Carlin was a government post near Cheyenne and a very lively one too at that time. It had been established in order to be used as a supply station for what was known as the Dept. of Missouri and was about half way between Cheyenne and Fort Russell. Here my father secured employment through Mr. Organ's influence. Money was plentiful and freely spent. Cheyenne was called "Hell on Wheels." Dad was only here a short time and then went to Rock Creek also a supply station for the Government supplying Fort Fetterman. At that time a freighter drove from 8 to 16 head of mules or oxen with a big Studebaker wagon with a double wagon box and a lounge, two trail wagons of the same description looking much like a stray railway train. The men driving mules were called "mule skinnners" and those driving oxen were called "bull whackers." My father belonged to the first named. Each driver had a saddle horse trained to follow his wagons and at night the mules were turned out hobbled and the saddle horse was tied to the wagon to be used in "rounding" the teams up in the morning. The rear wagon was equipped with a built in "kitchen cabinet" the door of which swung down and supplied a very nice table. A "Dutch Oven" frying pan, coffee pot and tin eating utensils completed a "Kitchenette de lux." Antelope were in droves of hundreds, elk, deer and buffalo were plentiful and guaranteed the freighter an unfailing meat supply if his marksmanship was even fair. Indians were peaceful and only a bother by begging sugar, coffee and tobacco. My father had three beautiful buffalo robes and several pairs of exquisitely soft white beaded moccasins he had traded for from the Indians, securing them for a few pounds of sugar and tobacco. Once however he didn't fare so well. He had just started down the steep hill leading into La Bonte canon when he saw a big party of mounted Indians coming his way. Dad had no choice but to go forward but thought his last trip was pretty close to an end when to his relief he saw the squaws and pack horses with their travois of meat, household goods and papposes and knew it was a hunting party as the Indians do not take their families on the war path. In the spring of 1883 father was driving an old Concord Stage under a genial old man known to every one as "Dad" Cluggage. Mr. Cluggage was very gruff and abrupt in his manner but was known to be

far less choleric than his appearance indicated. He was in charge of the mail and passenger service for the Gov't as long as stages were used. They drove four horses to the stage and there were fresh relays of horses at state distances along the road. The first change being made at "7 mile" the next at "20 mile" then "30 mile" and so on each distance being counted from Rock Creek toward Fetterman.

In October of 1883 my mother and we children joined him at Rock Creek in the midst of a big snow storm. The town consisted of two hotels, two general stores, post-office, freight depot (Govt.) railway station, section house, R. R. Agents house, ten families (but only four children including us) and five saloons each with its own gambling hall.

Of course being a freighting center there was usually a band of freighters in. The fall season saw the annual gathering of the cattle for shipment from Rock Creek mostly to Chicago or Omaha. The town was shot up occasionally by a bunch of drunks and one murder was avenged by lynch-law, Charley Clay's store burned in the fall of 1885 it being the first fire Rock Creek ever had. Money was plentiful and recklessly spent.

Women got the respect they demanded or deserved. No house was ever locked the rule being "use what you need, wash the dishes and leave dry wood." And seldom was there reason to regret the trust thus shown. One woman of the underworld known everywhere as "Calamity Jane" was a frequent passenger to and from Fort Fetterman. She had beautiful clothes and had been a handsome woman but no other name so far as I know was ever known for her. On her last trip her trunk was held for freight charges and not being redeemed was sold at auction.

As ranches began to be taken up a regular epidemic of stealing ensued and has not been eradicated so far. One rancher came from Nebraska leading one old cow and branded twenty calves that fall and he didn't buy any cattle either, and his was no isolated case. These depredations finally led to the "Johnston County Raid" of 1892, I think it was. The big outfits hoping to so overawe the so called rustlers as to put an end to thievery of cattle. After the building of the C. & S. or Cheyenne Northern as it was known in (1888) ? freighting and stage coaches were thrown into the "has been" discard. My father then worked on a bridge and building outfit for the U. P. later as pumpman at Rock Creek until 1897 when he moved to Ft. Steele filling the same position. In 1899 my parents moved to Wheatland. Dad carried mail on a rural route, was machine inspector for the C. & S. yard foreman and engine tender for the C. & S. City engineer in the power plant here, marshall, and

later opened up a plumber's shop and is still actively engaged in the plumbers trade. He draws a \$50.00 pension from Uncle Sam, is a thirty-second degree Mason, a member of the Mystic Shrine and has taken an active interest in all the present issues of the day particularly new inventions.

(Signed) MINNIE A. RIETZ,
April 1924. Wheatland, Wyoming.

HARRY S. YOUNT

By Thomas Julian Bryant

Harry S. Yount, Civil War veteran, and famous as a hunter, trapper, scout and guide in the early days of Wyoming, died suddenly at Wheatland where he had resided for ten or twelve years a little after noon, on the 16th day of May, 1924. Mr. Yount had made his usual morning trip from his home down town and was returning home, and while near the Lutheran church, he was seen by a lady across the street to sink to the earth where he soon expired.

The writer first became personally acquainted with Mr. Yount on the 15th day of May, 1921, at the Fairview school house about three miles and a half northwest of Wheatland. The school teacher, Miss Elan Rietz, (now Mrs. Helmbolt) had arranged a program and dinner complimentary to the Civil War veterans of Wheatland and vicinity, and had invited the writer to speak at this celebration. In addition to many patrons of the school there were present three veterans of the Civil War, Mr. Yount, Mr. Chas. D. Griffin and Mr. J. T. Duffy.

Subsequent to this time, the writer frequently met Mr. Yount on the street and about town, and often engaged him in conversation. After having become quite well acquainted with him, Mr. Yount invited me to call upon him at his home. Time passed, however, without my having accepted his invitation. I soon became much attached to him, and he apparently to me, partly on account of the fact that he was a Civil War veteran and I the son of a veteran of the Civil War, and having learned from casual conversations with him that he had had a most interesting career, I accepted his invitation. He received me most cordially in his modest home, which consisted of a three room brick building, and a frame addition on the east side, in the west part of town, and upon my departure as cordially invited me to call again. I thereafter called upon him a number of times, and believing that such of his reminiscences as I could glean would be

worthy of preservation I therefore made it a practice after each interview to jot down the salient points of his conversation. The result is embodied in the following paragraphs. I might add that it is regrettable that some writer having the time and the inclination did not come in contact with Mr. Yount earlier in his life, and give to the public a complete record of his trails and adventures as such a record would have made a most interesting volume, rivalling that of Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson and Jim Bridger.

It may be well to relate some of the incidents which he recounted to me prior to the time my visits began.

I asked Mr. Yount one day in one of our casual conversations how many grizzly bears he had killed, as I understood that he had hunted the grizzly a great deal in the early days. He stated that to the best of his recollection he had slain fifty-seven of these animals, besides a great many brown or cinnamon bear. Asked to relate some of his adventures with these animals, he stated that about 1879 or 1880, he discovered a bear's den in the Laramie Range of mountains near the foot of Laramie Peak. The den was located in some rocks. The winter season was well advanced. The opening in the rocks led him straight ahead for some distance, and then turned abruptly to the left. He said, "I crawled in this way," pointing straight ahead, "and then this way," indicating by the motion of his hand that he had turned to the left. "I finally shined the bear's eyes," said he, "and then took aim and fired. I killed the bear. But I had no sooner done this than I discovered there was another bear in the den. I caught the gleam of its eyes, and killed it, too." He then returned to his cabin, secured a mule team, and then returning to the den, went in and tied a rope around the body of the bear he had first killed, and the mules dragged it forth. The mule team became very much excited when the bear was brought to light, rearing and plunging and endeavoring to get away, but Mr. Yount went to the head of the team and talked to them and finally calmed them. "A mule," said Mr. Yount, "has a great deal of sense and can be reasoned with." The second bear was then dragged forth. The larger of the two weighed nine hundred pounds.

It need scarcely be said that it requires a man of courage to thus enter a bear's den in the manner detailed by Mr. Yount. He related the incident in a matter of fact way, and from the reputation he bore as a successful and fearless hunter and truthful man, his statement was undoubtedly true.

On another occasion he related the following incident. "Once while bear hunting in the Laramie mountains, I discov-

ered a bear's den among the rocks. I went in and soon located a bear. My gun was loaded, and I got my powder and ball ready to reload in case of a mishap, or in case I should fail to kill the animal at the first shot. I fired and killed the bear, but I had no sooner done this than I discovered that there was another bear in this den. I lost no time in reloading my gun, and as soon as I could get a bead on the second animal, I fired and killed it also. But to my astonishment at that moment I discovered a third bear in the den, and the animal had scented the presence of an enemy and was ready to charge as soon as it could locate me. It had not occurred to me that there might be a third animal in the den, and consequently I had not got powder and ball ready to reload my gun. I was in a critical position. The animal was furious with rage, and ready to rush the moment it should catch sight of me, I would undoubtedly have been killed if the animal had got to me. I loaded my gun in about the shortest space of time that I ever loaded a gun. By this time the bear was in the act of rushing for me, but I took aim and shot and as luck would have it I killed this bear also, but it was about the closest call that I ever had while hunting the grizzly.

On another occasion I asked him if he had not had a good many narrow escapes from the Indians in the early days, to which he replied that he had. He said that shortly after coming out to Wyoming in 1866, he became a "bull whacker;" that he once started, as a member of a bull train from Fort Laramie to Ft. C. F. Smith, each man in the train driving an ox team. The train had not proceeded many miles, until the men discovered that Indians were following them. The drivers knew that if they stopped for sleep or refreshments, they would immediately be surrounded and cut off, and that probably not a man, unless by accident or the interposition of divine Providence, would escape with his life. The Indians kept constantly hanging on flank and rear, and there was not the slightest chance to pause and the train kept steadily plodding onward. "And so," said Mr. Yount, "for four days and nights all the sleep that I got I got as I held the reins of my bull team and stumbled forward on my feet."

In another conversation Mr. Yount said that he followed a bear for six or seven years before he finally killed it. "He made such an enormous track, that I called him 'Old Big Foot.' I often came across his tracks on my hunting trips, but never could catch sight of him, although I followed his trail time and again for a long distance. But I never gave up the idea of getting him. At last one day, late in the Autumn of the year, as I made my way along the foot of Laramie Peak, I came across

the tracks of Old Big Foot. He had passed up the sandy bottom of a small canyon, and I concluded then and there to have a settlement with Old Big Foot. I made up my mind that when I came up with this gentleman grizzly, I would get him or he would get me.

So I prepared to take no chances. It was then about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and I followed his tracks up the canyon, watching cautiously all the time, until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

"Suddenly my eye caught sight of a great grizzled figure, stretched upon a shelf of rock away to my right and further up the canyon. I said to myself, 'there is Old Big Foot at last.' But I was too far away for a successful shot. So making my way cautiously I worked around to a position about three hundred yards from him, and to the rear. Old Big Foot was taking an afternoon nap. I made my way to a large boulder, and climbed up on top where I could overlook him. As I reached the top I saw Old Big Foot shift his position and lift his head as if something had disturbed him. Just at that instant my feet slipped and I fell to my knees, making a rasping noise on the rock. Old Big Foot was now fully aroused and scented danger. I brought my gun to my shoulder, which action caught his attention. He immediately seated himself on his hind quarters to take a look at me, and began growling and it was plain to be seen that he was in no pleasant mood at being disturbed, and I concluded not to prolong the interview. I fired, the ball passing through his heart. He fell but in a moment started up, ran a short distance and dropped heavily to the ground. I thought that he was done for, but in order to make sure I sent another ball into him. Sure enough it was Old Big Foot. He weighed 1600 pounds."

The remainder of this narrative will consist principally of a transcription of the notes made by me at the subsequent interviews I had with Mr. Yount,

October 21, 1923.

Spent an hour this afternoon with Harry S. Yount, at his home. It was a beautiful afternoon, warm and sunshiny. Mr. Yount in the course of our conversation, stated that he was never married, but that he was engaged to a young lady at the time he came to Wyoming in 1866. Her name was Estella Braun, and her home was in Michigan. She was a telegraph operator by occupation. Her people were of the farming class, but had moved to Detroit. A year or two after coming West, Mr. Yount was in a section of the country near the conjunction of the present States of Arizona, Colorado, Utah and New Mexico, when he received word that the young lady was dead. The young lady had been

granted a vacation by the Western Union Telegraph Company, by whom she was employed, and had taken train to go to Detroit in company with about three hundred other people, many of whom were young people on their way to a Sunday school or some other convention in Detroit. The train was struck by an engine, and Miss Braun and many other persons were killed.

He told me he knew the Indian Chiefs Red Cloud, Spotted Tail and Dull Knife. The son of Dull Knife and Mr. Yount were "great friends," and often visited each other and spent a good deal of time together both in camp and hunting. He was a splendidly built Indian, and was subsequently killed in a battle with the Crows. Dull Knife's son and other young bucks decided to make a raid on the Crows out of a spirit of revenge and in order to secure some scalps. The Crows, however, were prepared for them, and the result was that they defeated the Cheyennes (Dull Knife's Tribe) and among the slain was the son of Dull Knife.

Mr. Yount stated that he had hunted the buffalo a good deal in the early days, but that he never chased the buffalo, but "still hunted" them as he considered that a much better way.

While he was game-keeper in the Yellowstone Park, 1880-82, a man came to him one day and said: "There is a General of the Civil War in the Park." Mr. Yount replied, "Where is he?" The man said, "At the Fire Hole Basin." "Mr. Yount said, "What is his name?" To which the man replied, "General McNulty." "Mr. Yount said, "I will go and see him." He called upon General McNulty, and in conversation with him said to the General: "I know you will remember me by an incident which I will call to your mind. You no doubt remember Captain Mortenhammer, and what a proud well dressed officer he was," to which the General replied that he remembered him very well. "Well," said Mr. Yount, "you no doubt remember also that Captain Mortenhammer took part in a horse race at one time with a certain man whose name I have forgotten. It so happened that there was a mudhole in the race track. Captain Mortenhammer's horse fell with him in this mudhole, and the Captain came out of the mudhole with his fine clothes covered with mud, and he was very much chagrined and humiliated besides at his sorry plight." General McNulty instantly recalled the incident, and both enjoyed a good laugh at the recollection of the incident.

Mr. Yount was at Fort Laramie several times in the early days, but never lived there. He said it was a pity to kill off the buffaloes, which were here in immense numbers, but that it was the only way to get rid of the Indians, as the buffalo was their main source of subsistence. He had killed many buffalo for tourists at Cheyenne, getting a dollar apiece for buffalo tongues alone.

Mr. Yount had prospected a great deal in later years, and

had much faith there were minerals in the Wyoming mountains, gold, silver, copper and oil.

The History of Wyoming, published by A. W. Bowen & Company, Chicago, in 1903, gives the date of Mr. Yount's birth as March 18, 1847, but he looks much older. He is much stooped and bent. He has blue eyes and light brown hair, and wears a short mustache. His nose is of the Roman type, and his chin somewhat prominent. His forehead was rather high, but not wide.

I asked him how old he was when he entered the Union Army, and he replied that he was a mere kid or boy when he enlisted. (Since the death of Mr. Yount the writer has talked with a number of people who have known Mr. Yount for years, and they all agree with me that he must be older than as stated in the above history. Mr. Chas. D. Griffin stated to the writer that Mr. Yount was born the same year Grover Cleveland was born, (1837), which would make Mr. Yount 87 at the time of his death, and it is my opinion that was about his age. Possibly his application for pension as a Civil War veteran would reveal his exact age.)

Mr. Yount has the appearance of a man who knew no fear—quiet and unassuming, and not the least inclined to boast. In fact during all the time I have known him I have never heard a single boastful term fall from his lips.

November 25th, 1923.

Spent an hour this afternoon with my old friend, the hunter, trapper and scout Harry S. Yount. A nice day but somewhat chilly. Had a very pleasant visit with Mr. Yount, discussing various subjects. He is somewhat hard of hearing, necessitating rather loud talking but responds readily when he understands questions propounded to him, and is quite well informed regarding present day affairs and events. He is much interested in aviation and all things pertaining to mining.

In response to a question from me as to how long he was with the Hayden Geological party, he answered that he was with the party seven summers. The party started from Cheyenne, Mr. Yount acting as guide, with horses and pack mules, and covered much of New Mexico, Utah, Arizona, Colorado and part of Wyoming. At the Grand Tetons in Wyoming is where he so nearly lost his life by sliding downward on a glacier almost to a yawning crevice, or "hole" as he called it. He had been carrying a tripod, which slipped from his hand as he clambered over the ice, and in an effort to regain it he lost his footing and soon found himself slipping downward over the ice at a rapid rate. He said that all that saved him from going into the crevice, and to certain death, was the buckskin trousers which he had on. These being somewhat damp seemed to cling to the ice, thus retarding his descent, and preventing him from going on into the chasm.

He regained his feet, and the tripod, and carried it up with him. He remarked to me with a chuckle, "if I had gone down that hole I would have made a fine fossil for some future party."

He described some of the ruins the party met with in Colorado and New Mexico—how the juniper timber had been cut and prepared in some manner for building purposes—a round tower of sandstone on top of one of ruins, yet the party discovered no tools whatever of iron, nor did they find the skeletons of any human beings.

He stated that Mr. Eekles, an English geologist with the Hayden party, who had many times been on the top of Mount Blane and other famous peaks, pointed to the Grand Tetons and said "there is one of the finest sights in the world."

Thanksgiving Day, November 29th, 1923.

Spent an hour this afternoon with Harry S. Yount, at his home. Talked of many things. I asked him if he had any brothers and sisters. He replied that he had. He said that he had two brothers who went to California many years ago; had one brother who lived in Illinois, but it was evident he had about lost track of all his relatives.

He stated that it was a well established tradition in his family that two brothers by the name of Younkers came to this country many years ago, who settled at Younkers, New York. One of these brothers removed to Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania Dutch could not easily pronounce the name Younkers, so called the family of this brother Yount. He stated that the name Younkers was "lost" in his family.

I inquired if he had ever known Buffalo Bill. He replied rather contemptuously, "No, he was never a mountain man." I then asked him if he had ever known Jim Bridger. He said "yes, I knew Bridger and Jim Beekwourth both, very well. Bridger was a tall, fine looking man—a fatherly looking man. He was a real mountain man. Beekworth had some sort of colored blood in him,—was probably an octoroon."

He said he served about six months during the Civil war in the infantry, and then about three years in the Cavalry. He was in the battle of Pea Ridge. His regiment had been transferred there on relief. He was placed on picket. Colonel (G. M. Dodge) saw him, and said to one of the men, "whose boy is this. Take him and give him plenty to eat and return him to his own regiment." An act of kindness which Mr. Yount said he had never forgotten.

I said to him, "you have lived alone a good deal of your life, haven't you, while hunting and trapping?" He said, "yes, but it was pretty lonesome." He then said that he used to read books a great deal to pass away the time, and added, "I only read the papers now." Mr. Yount then asked me if I had ever read "Barnaby Rudge," to which I replied that I had. He said

"I want to give you a tip, Barnaby Rudge asked an old man, 'where can I find gold?' The old man replied, 'go where there are people. There is gold.'"

He was much interested in attempts to reach the North Pole by aeroplane. He was impressed with the idea that the climate around the Pole was a fine one.

I asked him if he had ever had a picture taken, and he said that he had, but that it was forty years ago when he was in "his prime," by Walker of Cheyenne. He stated that he gave the last one he had to a man by the name of Haig who lived in the East,—I believe he said in Connecticut. He told me he had now (1923) lived in Wheatland ten or twelve years.

He gave me a very cordial invitation to call again, and said that he was always glad to have me visit him.

December 16, 1923.

Spent the better part of an hour this afternoon with my old friend, Harry S. Yount. Mr. Yount, in the course of our conversation said to me, "Did you ever see my book?" I said, "What book?" He replied, "I will get it and show it to you." He went into an adjoining room and soon returned with a piece of slate colored marble which had been carved into the shape of a book, about the size of an ordinary family Bible. It seemed much heavier than its dimensions indicated, at which I expressed some surprise. We concluded to measure and weigh it. Mr. Yount brought in a small scale, and we found it weighed $8\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. It was six inches in length, and two inches in thickness. On the front part or side was carved the figure of a man, with sword in hand confronted by a grizzly bear; on the back part were carved the words "Harry S. Yount, Scout and Guide" and the words, "Compliments of W. C. Ritner." Mr. Yount told me that he obtained the block of marble from a quarry which he had discovered a few miles northwest of Wheatland. It was a very smooth fine grained granite or marble, and seemed unusually heavy for its dimensions.

Mr. Yount also related to me an incident while he was with the Hayden geological expedition. The party was in the mountains in the western part of the present State of Colorado, and it was rather late in the season, in fact in the early part of winter. He related this incident in response to a question from me as to whether he ever got lost while hunting, trapping or acting as guide, to which he replied that he never thought of such a thing, and then related this incident. He stated that the various members of the party became greatly bewildered on account of the deep snow they had encountered, so much so that their minds began to wander. He directed the leader of the pack train, "Chunky" Johnson to strap any man who attempted to leave

the party or wander away to the mule he was riding. He told Johnson that he (Yount) knew where they were, and where he was going,—that he was headed for Bill Morgan's ranch on the Yampa River (Yampa is the Ute Indian name for bear). The members of the party had lost all their instruments and even their compass. Mr. Yount finally reached Morgan's ranch after about four days of hard work, for the snow was very deep. He said that every man in the party was as "crazy as a loon" when they finally reached Morgan's. When Mr. Yount pointed out the cabins at Morgan's ranch, the men did not realize what he meant, but all began to hallo. In due time they arrived at Rawlins—their destination.

He also related another incident of a personal character at this time. "One night," said he, "while I was encamped in the Laramie Mountains, I had a ham of a deer, which had been frozen, but I had thawed it out, and had used a part of it for my supper. The balance I hung up on a fork in the rear of my tent. I then spread my buffalo robes and blankets for my bed, for the weather was quite old, and lay down and went to sleep. About midnight I was awakened by something in my tent. At first I seemed to feel the presence of something for it was so dark I could not see clearly. But I knew I could not be mistaken,—there was something in my tent. I now became thoroughly awake, and just as I became fully awake, I saw a mountain lion spring out of the door of my tent with my deer's ham." I said, "A bear would have done the same thing, would it not?" Mr. Yount said "yes, but a bear would have done it in a very different way; a bear would never have sneaked into my tent, it would have come right in boldly and would have taken what it wanted, but that the mountain lion was a sneak thief. He said "the mountain lion when wounded is one of the most dangerous of animals, but will usually avoid the presence of man. The lion or cougar," said he, "will lie on a rock or the limb of a tree and spring upon the back of its prey without warning. They have caused much destruction of calves and young cattle."

I said "did you ever hunt the cougar or mountain lion," to which he replied, "yes, I hunted lions one or two seasons for the Smithsonian institution, I think in the fall of 1869 or 1870. In company with a companion, George Boswell, I set out for Box Elder canyon. After hunting for a day or two without success, Boswell discovered a lion on a hillside, taking a nap. I told him to keep his eye on it, and I would slip around to a point where I could get a better shot. When I got around to the rear, and where I had a good view, I fired. The ball struck the animal in the back of the neck below the ear, breaking its neck. This was sent to the Smithsonian Institution, and I suppose it is there now."

I asked Mr. Yount if he ever hunted with a dog to aid him,

in his hunting days. He said, "yes, I once owned a very fine stag hound. I called him 'Washakie' after the old Indian Chief Washakie, of the Shoshones. Once, while I had a camp on the Horse Shoe, I went to Cheyenne to do some trading, and left a man called "Johnny" in charge of the camp. My wagons, horses, traps etc. were in a corral, including my hound Washakie who was chained to a wagon. The stag hound as he grows old becomes quite savage. During my absence a tramp came into camp, and entered the corral, and tried "To make friends" with Washakie. My keeper told him to let the dog alone, as he (Washakie) would certainly kill him if he got at him. The tramp paid no heed until he had gotten within a few feet of the hound, when Washakie made a lunge for his throat and only missed him by the narrowest margin." The tramp made no further effort to cultivate the acquaintance of Washakie, but hastily departed. Washakie was a good hunting dog, however, and much devoted to his master, whom he would defend unto death if necessary.

December 19th, 1923.

Spent an hour this afternoon with Harry S. Yount at his home. In 1870, or thereabouts, Mr. Yount hunted pheasants in southeastern Wyoming for the Smithsonian institution. He engaged George Boswell to assist him. They met in Cheyenne, agreeably to appointment. Mr. Yount called early one morning at the hotel where Boswell was stopping, and said to him: "Have you got any money?" Boswell replied, "not a cent." "We will have to have some," said Yount to buy supplies for our trip." "Well," said Boswell, "we can get a dollar apiece for antelope. Let's go out and get some." They secured their team and wagon, and went out and had soon killed thirty-five of these creatures, then so plentiful but now becoming quite scarce in southeastern Wyoming, took them into Cheyenne and sold them for a dollar apiece, and purchased the needed supplies for their pheasant hunt. These animals were all killed within two or three miles from Cheyenne in less than half a day's time. They obtained many beautiful specimens of the pheasant, which were later shipped to the Smithsonian Institution for mounting and preservation.

Mr. Yount said that in 1866, he accepted employment under Captain Gregg to conduct a "bull train" from Nebraska City on the Missouri River to Fort C. F. Smith. They arrived at Ft. Laramie about the 7th of July, (1866), without incident. After leaving Ft. Laramie and as they were nearing the Big Horn River, they discovered they were being followed by a band of hostile Sioux Indians. This was the same trip, heretofore alluded, in which he travelled for four days and nights without sleep except as he dozed on his feet. As they neared the Big Horn,

the Indians became more bold, and were trailing them closely both on the right and the left. The train was wending its way close to a gulch. Mr. Yount saw an Indian, who appeared to be particularly bold and pertinacious, come up out of the gulch on horse back, and lying low on the back of his horse fire repeatedly at the train. Mr. Yount decided to put a stop to this annoyance. He climbed onto a wagon and lay down. He had a revolver, a carbine and a shot gun loaded with buck shot. He waited for a favorable chance, took deliberate aim with the carbine at the Indian, and fired. The horse threw its head to one side and fell, and Mr. Yount could see that he had killed the animal, but could not tell for certain whether he had killed the Indian or not, but he noticed that the Indian did not again make his appearance.

April 20, 1924

Spent an hour this forenoon with Mr. Yount at his home. It was rather a nice day, but with a strong breeze blowing from the west. Mr. Yount in the course of our conversation spoke of having trapped the wolverine a good deal in his trapping days. He said the pelt of the wolverine made as fine a coat as that of any animal on the American continent. He said that he had trapped lots of them; that they used to be quite numerous in Wyoming and that the Yellowstone Park "is still alive with them." He said that the wolverine has a foot shaped like that of the bear, and that he walked like a bear. I asked him if it was considered a dangerous or vicious animal, and he said that it was not so considered; that it was about the size of an ordinary shepherd dog, but somewhat longer and that its fur was very fine and very dark,—almost black. He also said that he had trapped the fox a great deal, both the silver tip and the black fox. Inquired if they were numerous in this part of Wyoming formerly, and he said that the silver tip used to be quite numerous around Laramie Peak, and that the black fox was quite numerous in the Wind River Mountains. "The best time to trap the black fox," said Mr. Yount, "is when the weather is extremely cold, and the snow lies deep upon the mountains. At such times the black fox would leave its den, and wander far and wide, and the trapping then is excellent."

April 27, 1924.

I spent the greater part of an hour this afternoon with Mr. Yount at his home. The day was mild, with a good many white clouds overhead.

I have heretofore spoken of Mr. Yount being much bent with age. It may be that this condition was brought about to a great extent by his manner of living. He had climbed many mountains, and doubtless had contracted the habit of sitting in

a crouching position by his many campfires. At any rate I felt somewhat curious to know what his height may have been when he was a young man, and I therefore took the liberty of asking him how tall he was when he was young. He replied without hesitation that when he was in the army (in the Civil War), he was five feet and nine inches in his "stocking feet." I asked him what his usual weight was in his younger days, and he said that he generally weighed about one hundred and seventy pounds. I remarked that he had lived alone a great deal while hunting and trapping, in the earlier days, and he said that he had although he often had a companion or companions. I then asked him if he had enjoyed the carefree life of hunting and trapping to which he replied that he had. He stated further that he liked to hunt the bear in his earlier days, while living alone. He stated that the elk used to be very numerous in this part of the country, between here (Wheatland) and Laramie Peak, but that it was very dangerous business in the early days to hunt the elk and the bear on account of the activities of hostile Indians. He remarked that a man had some show to get away from a bear without injury, but that he knew the Indians would kill him if they possibly could; and yet, he said, he did not blame the Indians as this was originally their country.

The above interview proved to be the last the writer ever had with Mr. Yount. A few weeks prior to his death, the author had prepared Mr. Yount's last will and testament for him. It is not my purpose to eulogize Mr. Yount, but I can not refrain from saying that he had the reputation by all who knew him, of being an honest, fearless, and upright man. His name is perpetuated, and fittingly so, in Wyoming in Yount's Peak, a mountain a few miles southwest of the Yellowstone Park, in which mountain the Yellowstone River has its source in the ice and snow,—a lasting memorial to this intrepid hunter, trapper, scout and guide and veteran of the Civil War.

At the time the author prepared Mr. Yount's will, he stated that he desired to be buried in the Lakeview cemetery at Cheyenne, where all "the old timers" he used to know were buried, and that in case of his death he desired that I should notify the John F. Reynolds Post of the G. A. R. His last wishes in this respect were carried out, and today as the author writes these words he "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking" in Lakeview cemetery in the City of Cheyenne.

PORTRAIT OF HONORABLE J. M. CAREY IS PRESENTED TO THE UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING

On December 5th, 1925 formal presentation was made of a large framed photograph of the late Hon. Joseph M. Carey to the State University of Wyoming situated in Laramie. The Portrait—an exceptionally good one—is the gift of Mrs. J. M. Carey. The ceremony of presentation took place in the east room of the Library Building and the exercises were in charge of Dr. Hebard of the University faculty. Out of deference to the sentiment of the Carey family the ceremony was simple and rather intimate in its nature. Dr. Hebard made the opening address. Along with many other fine things she said, she emphasized the interest that Judge Carey had always manifested in the University and its Library and his keen desire to see a large and well chosen collection of books safely and adequately housed. It was during the Gubernatorial administration of Judge Carey that the plans for the Library had been accepted.

Robert D. Carey, himself a former Governor of Wyoming made the formal presentation address on behalf of his mother. He spoke with becoming and deep feeling of his pride in his distinguished father's attitude on important issues, among which he classed his father's ambition that the University would never be deprived of its oil royalties. Mr. Robert D. Carey laid the corner stone of the Library Building while he was Governor and it was during his administration that Dr. A. G. Crane was called to the Presidency of the University.

Dr. Crane formally accepted the gift on behalf of the Institution. In doing so he very earnestly and very forcibly stressed the obligations which the present always owes to the past, and advanced the beautiful thought that in some way "Governor Carey looking down from the wall" on the young people assembled in that room would know that his influence lingers.

Mr. F. S. Burrage editor of the Laramie Republican-Boomerang made the fourth and closing address. He spoke from an angle wholly different from that taken by the previous speakers. Mr. Burrage had been a tutor in the Carey family and later an employee in the Carey offices. He dwelt upon the more intimate relations of Judge Carey as a personal friend. The fine characteristics of the man were brought out—his absolute honesty in word and deed, his loyalty to friend and cause—his integrity, his tenderness to the weak and unfortunate, his love of humor and wit, his helpfulness, his geniality and the giant-like qualities of intellect and character which made him so outstanding a citizen in his chosen State. Each speaker stressed with gratitude, and something of laudatory pride, his own personal obligations to the kindness of the Honorable Joseph Maul Carey.

B.

INDIAN STORY OF SYLVESTER SHERMAN

J. C. SHAW,
Orin, Wyoming

Sylvester Sherman was born and raised, about forty-five miles north of Kansas City. About seventy-two he came west and got a job whacking bulls, from his brother Rolon Sherman, who had a contract to deliver logs to a sawmill, in the timber country west of Denver. As well as I remember his story he worked there about two years, then went up to Cheyenne and got a job whacking bulls for Heck Reel. Sherman was a fine Western character a good Bull whacker and a fine cowpuncher, always ready to crack a joke and the next minute ready to fight the Indians, a good shot, and he usually had his fire arms where they could be got in a second. I remember once he saved my life by being a quick shot, and a man to think and to act quickly. I roped a bear, took a run on it and jerked it down, but as my saddle was not cinched up tight, I jerked it back on the horse's hip, but my rope was fastened under the saddle horn, so I could not throw it off. The rope had pulled me down on the side of the horse, the bear grabed the rope in his front paws and began to pull the horse and I towards him, and all the time making a great noise. Just then Sherman came galloping up, and out with his sixshooter and gave him a dead shot, but the noise had attracted the other bear in the brush, and it was coming for me, and the next instant he killed him to. This all happened in about five seconds, but it seemed hours to me.

In 1885 Sherman married, Miss Fannie Snow, who was raised in Williamson County, Texas and was one of the finest women who ever graced the State and they settled on Rawhide creek and raised a nice family, two boys and two girls. Mrs. Sherman died several years ago and Mr. Sherman died last winter.

After working for Heck Reel for a few years, Mr. Sherman got to be second boss under George Throstle, and in the year of 1879 while we were cowpunching out together, while sitting around the camp fire at night he told me this story, and I shall try to tell it in his language.

On the 5th day of July 1876, we commenced to hire men and load up with government freight for Fort Fetterman. We had to hire all kinds of men from good bull-whackers and Mexicans down to a few long haired Missourians.

Mr. Reel was there and told Throstle to furnish every man with a good forty-five sixshooter, and a forty-four Winchester, and have them carry the guns in the jocky box on the front end of the wagon, as there was plenty of Indian signs along the North Platte river, and all the time kept on the lookout for Indian signs and at all times be careful.

We broke camp at the lake above Cheyenne the morning of the 7th of July 1876 and traveled the old road Cheyenne to the Black Hills until we got to Bordeaux, and from there we traveled the cut off by the way of the Billy Bacon ranch on the Laramie River, and by the old Tobe Miller ranch on Cottenwood Creek, and by the St. Dennis ranch on Horseshoe, and we struck the old Fetterman road, from Fort Laramie to Fort Fetterman. At Elkhorn we camped for the night. The hill at Elkhorn was a long hard hill, and both Throstle and I stayed back until the last wagon was up it. Each wagon had one trail wagon and some had two. After we had got up the hill, we rode out ahead of the teams to look over the road. When we were about three hundred yards away from the lead team (we were traveling along a divide Elkhorn on the left and some deep draws to our right) when it seemed that a hundred Indians jumped out of a draw shooting at us. Three bullets struck Throstle while only one struck me. He was next to them and just a little ahead of me. He threw up both hands and said "Oh! My God," and fell. Every Indian yelled and made a dash to cut me off from the wagon train. It was a close race as Throstle's horse made a wild rush for the train, and the Indians whipping, shooting and yelling caused both horses to circle instead of running straight. I had no time to shoot as I used both feet and both hands to whip with. As they got closer to the train they pulled away a little but kept up a constant fire at the men running up and down the teams, until they shot Irish Peet through the leg, and he yelled out cussing as loud as he could "Corall the Wagons Ves", or they will kill every one of us." Then I came to myself and called to the lead man to corral, and all of the good men were driving the lead teams and knew what to do and in a short time we were corralled. In the mean while the men were each shooting at them with a six shooter, as they came up closer. One man jumped on a wagon and began to throw off sacks of flour while others commenced to build brestworks. I called for the rifles and there was only one man who knew where they were, and he jumped on a wagon and began to throw out flour. The guns had five thousand pounds of flour on top of them. We got our guns and each man got to his place in the brestworks. The Indians thought we had nothing but pistols, and were comnig up close yelling the most hideous yells any one

ever heard, running by at full speed on their war horses, laying down on the horses side and shooting under his neck. They seemed to have good guns and plenty of ammunition, and while they did not kill any of us, they were doing lots of damage to the work cattle and the few saddle horses we had. A Mexican was driving next to the last wagon and a long haired Missourian the last team. The Missourian saw that there was no show to get his team in so left it and came on up to the Mexican's (who had deserted at the first of the fighting and crawled in among the drygoods in one of the lead wagons) and whacked it on in. It looked for a while as if the Indians would get him but he shot with one hand and whacked the bulls with the other. After we got in a few good rounds with our guns they fell back and would only come up in sight. We laid there all day, and as night came on they came up to the wagon which was left on the outside, at about three hundred yards distance, that was loaded with ten thousand pounds of bacon, and forty kegs of beer, and threw off the beer and rolled it down a long hill and set the bacon on fire. The blaze seemed to reach two hundred feet high and we could have seen to have picked up a pin in the corral. We were sure our scalps were gone. We knew that if they could get on a hill and look down on us they could see the situation, and charge us after dark, but they seemed to be afraid of us, and never even shot into the camp.

The Mexican had a little dog that he seemed to love very much, but the dog was gun shy and would run out of camp at the sight of a gun, and as we lay looking through our port holes. Irish Pete and I side by side, we saw something crawling toward us. Irish Peet whispered, "It is an Indian we will both shoot, but let me shoot first as I feel sure I can hit him." We both fired, and a dog howled out, and a shrill voice cried "You killed my dog, you killed my dog."

The next morning we unyoked our oxen and drove them back to Elkhorn to water, while others went to hunt for the teams that were hitched to the wagon. The wheel oxen were burned to death, and the next team was burned some, but they had pulled the front wheel out from the wagon, and five teams were grazing around still hitched together.

We broke camp about eleven o'clock, drove the lead wagon up to where Throstle had fallen, and found that they had taken his clothes, scalped him and cut out his heart. We laid him on a tarpaulin, on top of the groceries and covered him up.

As we went on up the road we met two cowpunchers, and after talking to them a minute we asked if they had seen any Indians. They laughed and said no that they did not believe

there was any in the country. They said that they had been on La Prele Creek for two years and had not as much as seen a moccasin track. I told them that we had had a fight with them the day before. They laughed again and said shown them the signs. I handed one of them my bridle reins, and I stepped up on the brake and pulled the tarp back and let them see Throstle's body. They turned my horse loose, and turned and rode for Fort Fetterman, and the last we saw of them they were riding like jockeys, on the last quarter in a mile race.

We camped at LaBonté that night, and on to Fort Fetterman the next day. While we gave poor Throstle a good decent burial, there was no ceremony. Mr. Sherman later showed me the exact spot where the battle was fought, and where the wagon was burned. At that time there were pieces of wagon irons and some hoops off of the beer kegs, and some pieces of broken ox shoes. I have tried to tell this in Mr. Shermans language, just as he told me.



Midway between Cheyenne and Torrington on road to Torrington, on Oregon Trail
Courtesy of Highway Department

SKEPPER LETTERS

The following Skepper letters were procured for the State Department of History through the courtesy of Miss Anna Dobbin, Superintendent of Laramie County Schools.

Bird City, Kansas, Feb. 6, 1922.

Mr. & Mrs. C. B. Ward,
Egbert, Wyoming.

Dear Friends:

I received the newspaper giving the account of the "Hidden River". I am really glad to hear that it has been found and hope it will prove to be what is expected of it and that the country will be developed in such a manner as to benefit everybody with a radius of the irrigation possibilities of the stream.

I shall not be surprised to hear of the finding of other subterranean streams in Wyoming, for I recall a remarkable experience I had on the south side of Horse Creek mountain in the fall of 1879, I was sleeping out doors with an elderly man, about four o'clock in the morning he woke me up and said "John the boys will be here today" (we were expecting some men with a drove of cattle from an eastern point) I asked why he knew they would be here, he replied, "I can hear them coming, can hear the tread of the cattle, can't you?"

I certainly did feel what I will say was a rumbling noise, and afterwards I rode over ground that gave a sound as being hollow beneath. So I suppose there was a hidden stream or at least a cavern of some sort.

I gave the paper you sent me to Mrs. Reed as I knew she would be interested as Ralph is in that locality where the hidden treasure is, for water will surely prove a treasure to eastern Wyoming. Again hoping all prospects may be realized I am

Yours very truly,
J. W. Skepper.

Bird City, Kansas, Sept. 3/23

Mrs. Hazel Ward,
Egbert, Wyoming.

Dear Friend:

I was very much interested in reading the "Hi" Kelly article in the paper you sent me. I remember Kelly well, but he surely is a very old man, I had no idea he was still alive.

I think he was in the forties when I knew him. He cer-

tainly had a remarkable experience, his write up read more like some dime novels than reality.

I was at his ranch on Chugwater only once and that was in 1879. The Y cross "outfit" for which I worked were rounding up cattle in the Chugwater country, and there being so much rock there all over the prairie our horses feet soon became so sore they could hardly travel, so "Hi" Kelly gave our foreman a few kegs of pony shoes for our horses. We had to throw them down and "hog tie" them to get the shoes on.

* * * * *

Kelly and men of his type deserve credit for blazing the way for civilization in that country.

I had my plans made to leave here on the 6th for Wyoming via Hot Springs, South Dakota, but unless I get over a very severe cold I have I will not be able to start then.

We may come back via Cheyenne so as to go over the Horse Creek and Bear Creek country, I am anxious to show Mrs. S. the localities I rode over more than 40 years ago.

With kind regards to you both, I am

Very truly yours,

J. W. Skepper.

I was 24 years old when in 1878 I arrived in Cheyenne to go out to the Y ranch on what was known as the Spring Branch of Little Horse Creek, about 10 miles north of the Creek proper, and about 50 miles northeast of Cheyenne.

The ranch was owned by the Dater brothers, Phillip and James Dater of New York, N. Y. I was there three years where I rode the range to points east of Chimney Rock in Nebraska, north to the Platte River, west about a days ride from where the town of Chugwater, Wyoming now is, and a few miles south of the Union Pacific R. R.

Those were carefree days for a young man full of adventure when astride of a good Cow pony fit to be classed with the Arab Steed of poetical fame. Many of the so called Bronchos were noble animals and had wonderful endurance.

In the fall of 1880 I went to Wisconsin and was married to Miss Ellen Roberts returning shortly afterwards and lived in a log house on Little Horse Creek, where I assisted some settlers and other cowboys to build a log schoolhouse with a dirt roof.

My wife taught the school there in the Spring of 1881. There were sons of settlers there 14 years of age who had never been inside of a schoolhouse, or who had ever ridden on a railroad train, their parents had driven covered wagons to the then territory of Wyoming from the State of Missouri.

The way those children advanced in their studies in school

was truly wonderful, though it would look somewhat crude these times to see pupils going to school as they did then, bringing rifles with them which they "stacked" up outside the school house.

Antelope were plentiful and some times the older boys would kill an antelope on their way to or from school.

The County Superintendent of Schools was a Presbyterian minister by the name of Cowhick (I believe) a very nice man about 60 years of age I think, he was very fond of venison, I remember he told us on one of his visits that he liked an occasional meal of vegetables without any meat, but when he had one in Cheyenne it cost him 75 cents. If the good man had lived there through the late war times a vegetable dinner would have been cheap at even 75 cents.

Some of the strongest friendships of my 70 years of life were formed with the Cowboys and settlers in Wyoming, for not all the "Cowpunchers" were disolute men. Some of the finest men I ever met were on the plains of Wyoming and I cherish their memories, for their were times when real manhood was proven.

On the 9th of March 1880 I homesteaded the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 13-18-62 erected bare logs for one large room, never completed it, my wife's illness compelled me to leave Wyoming, I sold the logs, the land reverted to the government.

Yours very respectfully,
J. W. Skepper.

Bird City, Kansas
February 8, 1924.

CORRECTION

In Annals for October, 1925 in the 3rd line p. 129, read German for Hollander.

In the 26th line from top of same page read boat for steam boat.

On page 133 after the period in the 2nd paragraph the sentence "Jackson Hole farther to the north was also a favorite camping ground," was inadvertently omitted.

GEORGE H. BOSWELL

Thomas Julian Bryant

As I walked down town today (September 5th, 1924), I overtook George H. Boswell and as we walked onward together I engaged him in conversation regarding his early life. I learned from him that he was born at sea, May 9, 1846, while his parents were enroute from Scotland to the United States. Soon after their arrival his mother died, and his father remarried, and had another son by his second marriage, of whom Mr. Boswell knows nothing, as he lost trace of his brother when he came west many years ago. His father also died soon after reaching America, and George, at the age of seven years was bound out as an apprentice in Ohio. He did not like the work, however, and soon ran away from his master, and made his way to Baltimore.

He wandered about for two or three days, when he met a man one evening who took notice of him and asked him if he had anything to eat. Boswell said, "yes, I have plenty to eat." The man then asked him where he lived, to which he replied, "I live wherever my hat is off." The stranger then asked him if he would like to have a job, to which George replied, "yes, I would like to have a job." The man said, "I want you to sell peanuts and popcorn for me on the railroad." The deal was closed, and the stranger fitted him out with suitable supplies, and placed him in charge of the conductor on the train. He soon tired of this job, and making his way to Sioux City, Iowa, he disposed of his outfit. He there met a gentleman by the name of Eli Perkins, who manifested an interest in the boy, and inquired how he would like to make a trip to Denver with him and enter his employ. Young George replied with alacrity that this would suit him exactly, so Mr. Perkins engaged him to work for him, and they went to Denver together. Here, Boswell attended a Government school for a couple of years, which constituted practically all of the schooling he ever received. He remained in and about Denver until 1867, when he came to Cheyenne, and for the next two or three years he worked for Mr. R. S. Van Tassell, and then, about 1870, he went to Fort Fetterman, where he found employment for some time. In 1876, he was made cook for headquarters mess in the command of General Crook on his historic campaign against the Sioux Indians who were in open hostility at that time against the United States. Mr. Boswell stated that under Government regulations no pay was provided for a cook, and he was therefore assigned to the baggage train and under this arrangement received pay for his services. General Crook had a very spirited engagement with the Indians during this campaign, but did not reach the Little Bighorn in time to take part in General Custer's fatal engagement with the combined forces of the Cheyennes and Sioux, but was close enough to the scene of action on

the afternoon of June 25th, 1876, that the sound of firing could be distinctly heard as Custer and his men made their last stand against overwhelming odds, but of course General Crook knew nothing of the disastrous engagement then raging until afterward. At this period of his life Mr. Boswell was exposed to much danger on account of the hostility of the Indians, and it was necessary for all members of the command to keep a constant and vigilant watch in order to guard against an unexpected attack.

In the fall of 1877, Mr. Boswell entered the employ of John Hunton, the pioneer, who was then operating a large ranch at Bordeaux, as a cook, where he remained until about 1887, when he moved to Uva. The Cheyenne and Northern railroad (now known as the Colorado & Southern) was then in process of construction, Uva at this time being the northernmost point of the road. He conducted a general store at Uva at this time, also working some for the railroad company. In 1908 he again entered the employ of Mr. Hunton and continued to work for him until 1917, when he removed to Wheatland, where he continued to reside until a few weeks before his death which occurred in Cheyenne March 6th, (1925). He had been in failing health for several months prior to his death.

Mr. Boswell stated that he had often hunted with Harry S. Yount in the early days, securing mountain lions, pheasants, and other game for the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, D. C. He also said that there had been vast changes in this part of Wyoming since his arrival here. When he first came to the territory there was not a fence to be seen anywhere, the town of Wheatland was yet undreamed of, and the wild game, buffalo, antelope, bear, deer, beaver and other species were so abundant that one could not walk half a day's journey without seeing many of each kind.

The writer was personally well acquainted with Mr. Boswell and often talked with him, and had intended to try to secure details of his life for preservation on account of his early association with the pioneers of the State, but procrastination and his final illness prevented in a large measure the fulfillment of the purpose. Mr. Boswell was a tall, angular man, of slender build and somewhat loose jointed. He had dark gray or hazel eyes, black hair and rather swarthy complexion. He was of a cheerful and genial but quiet disposition, and had many friends.

He is survived by three sons, Jesse G., of this city, Albert L., of the U. S. Navy and William Jennings Boswell of Casper, Wyoming.

Thus death has removed from our midst another of our early pioneers, and the number who were here as early as Mr. Boswell are few indeed.

THE FIGHT AT BEAR TOWN

Hev you heard uv the fight on the banks of the Bear

When they laid the iron rails long ago?

'Twas jest over the side uv the Rocky divide

Where the waters to Great Salt Lake flow.

'Twas the year '68 and November the month

Thet they builded a camp way out there,

Where the life it wus rough and the men they wus tough,

And 'tuarnt safe fer to offer a dare.

They'd put up some store buildin's all in a neat row,

And Topence hed the contract fer meat;

And they built some board shacks full uv knot holes and cracks

Where the graders end lodge and end eat.

Uv saloons there wus surely enough and to spare,

And uv dance halls a generous few;

And the tin horn so slick with his mean, measly trick,

And the bum and the rum guzzler too.

Es fer law—well there jest wusn't any at all!

Ez fer order—it simply warn't there!

But the wildest uv nights and the toughest uv fights

Wus ez free ez the clear mountain air.

And Topence calls a few men together and says;—

“Vigilantes, in my fixed idee,

Is the thing thet we need fer to take up the lead,

Like they hev back in old Laramie.”

So they looks up a buildin' made out uv pine logs,

And they chinks it and nails it up tight.

And they rustles them then three bold desperate men

And imprisons the trio thet night.

Jest across a small gully Lee Freeman hed built

Out uv canvas and boards a neat shack

Where he published the news uv the work uv the crews,

And the progress in layin' the track.

He hed christened his paper “The Frontier Index”,

And right early the follerin' day

He comes out good and strong 'gainst the things thet wus

wrong,

Ez wus ever his brave, fearless way.

He wound up with a warnin' to honest workmen
To beware uv unscrupulous scamps,
Who wud pick their bones clean, and then like coyotes mean
Slink along to the next gradin' camps.

Thet wus sure fire to powder! And some uv the toughs
Started out about 'leven a. m.
To distribute his views 'mongst the men uv the crews,
And to rub the same right into them.

"Would they meekly be bossed by a Sunday School Band?
Let 'em stand in their strength and their might!"
That roused five hundred then uv the bold Irishmen
Who wus pinin' and spolin' fer fight.

To abandon their work, and with shovels and picks
To march up on the innercent town—
Set the three prisoners free, and then right merrily
Did they burn the blamed calaboose down.

Then they headed their foot steps fer Lee Freeman's place—
He 'lit out 'cross the hills fer the fort;
With Topence's kind aid he the forty miles made
In a time most amazin'ly short.

But they scattered the type, and they burnt up the shack,
And they sure made the ruin complete;
And then over again marched the wild ragin' men
Fer to shoot up the whole bloomin' street.

Ther's a feller named Smith was a-leadin' the gang—
The men said thet he hed a charmed life;
There wus much more uv harm in his life than uv charm
In the matter uv stirrin' up strife.

He was totin' a monster six-shooter around
Thet wus spittin' the deadly balls out
In a manner so fast thet they went whistlin' past
Jest like hail stones a-flyin' about.

Men and women and children fer refuge hed flocked
Into Sam Nuckle's General Store,
And a strong barricade uv the goods they hed made
After barrin' the winder and door.

And a man volunteered fer to parley a bit
With the riot's on the outside,
But a mischievous shot sent him down on the spot
And he sunk in his tracks and there died.

Every man in the store hed his eyes on Tom Smith
With a purpose most deadly and grim;
But he passed through the fray on his death dealin' way,
And not one uv the bullets got him,

Frum his hospital tent on the big Muddy crick
Came the young Doctor Harrison then;
Did you know it wus he that the early U. P.
Got to eare fer and dose up its men?

And the sight thet he met wus a grewsome one sure—
Fourteen men thet wus dyin' or dead;
And another full score or most probably more
Had received some straight doses uv lead.

When the troops the next day from old Jim Bridger's post
Came a-ridin' down over the hill,
Not a gun cud be seen, and in peace all serene
Lay the little camp, quiet and still.

Ther 'us jest three uv the fellers thet started the muss
Got the halter that terrible night,
And the rest uv them flew on to pastures quite new,
And Topence, he declared it warn't right.

Thet Tom Smith got away 'fore the party wus through,
And uv outlaws a list good and long
Who met up with their fate at a subsequent date
After doin' a lot more uv harm.

You can still see some traces uv chimneys and walls
Where this tough camp uv graders once stood;
But fer sweet mercy's sake don't you make the mistake
'Uv supposin there wusn't no good!

It wud hardly be fair to ferget such brave chaps
Ez Lee Freeman and many a mate
Who wud stand by the right, and wud work and wud fight
Jest to see thet things got started straight.

And the Irishmen they hev grown tamer a lot
Since their hearths and their homes are at stake;
And they find little cause to be breakin' the laws
Thet they're helpin' the rest uv us make.

And ez fer the good doctor—these fifty-five years
He's been treadin' earth's pathway jest so—
Bringin' joy and glad life where wus sorrer and strife
Like an angel uv light here below.

And we're buildin' a peaceful and prosperous state
In what once wus the wild, wooly west;
Fer the bad disappears, and the swift changin' years
Mean survival uv all that is best.

Elizabeth Arnold Stone,
Author of "Uinta County Its Place in History."

AMONG THE BOOKS

In "An Army Boy of the Sixties" Major Ostrander relates his experiences in the Indian Wars in Wyoming. Last spring the Major in company with friends from Casper and Sheridan revisited these early scenes. Again he stood on old camp sites relocated old forts and early battle grounds and enlightened his friends with many stories of these stirring times. Out of the events of this visit to the old scenes he has written a book which is in reality a sequel to "An Army Boy of the Sixties." "After Sixty Years" is an entertaining story in comparisons: the book is well bound and illustrated and may be had from Major A. B. Ostrander, 227½ Belmont Avenue, No. Seattle, Washington. Price \$2.00.

In "The Iron Trail" Mr. Edw. Gillette of Sheridan has released much authentic hitherto unpublished history of northern Wyoming. Mr. Gillette writes only of what he personally knows and gives us a book without a dull page in it.

"The Gift of the Waters" a Pageant composed and staged by Marie Montabé Sávaresy of Thermopolis has been issued in very attractive pamphlet form. This pageant is written around the historic circumstances of Chief Washakie having signed the contract which placed the Thermopolis Hot Springs in the keeping of white people. The Pageant is written in the metre of Hiawatha and is well illustrated.

Dr. Hebard, has revised her "Teaching Wyoming History by Counties." It is an attractive sixty-four page pamphlet and valuable to any student of Wyoming History. The Revised edition is published by the Department of Education State of Wyoming and is known as Bulletin No. 9, Series B. Dr. Hebard also has in press a revised edition of her book, "The History and Government of Wyoming." It is understood the new book will be ready for distribution soon.

"Trails of Yesterday" by John Bratt comes from the University Publishing Company, Lincoln. Mr. Bratt produced a very readable book based on his own experiences as pioneer, freighter, rancher, stockman and public spirited citizen of Western Nebraska. As a freighter he was identified with Eastern Wyoming and his history of that section of our State is authentic. The narrative is interspersed with many entertaining anecdotes which enliven the pages. There are many illustrations.

"Forty Years on the Frontier" Two volumes, by Stuart. Mr. P. C. Phillips edits this able pioneer history from the Journals and Reminiscences of Granville Stuart. Altho it is Montana history it is intimately associated with Wyoming and should be in every collection of Wyomingana. Illustrated.

DOCUMENTS

- ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

- NEWSPAPERS AND CLIPPING

- ## PAMPHLETS

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| Dickson, Arthur J..... | Indian Boys and Girls Club. |
| Hebard, Dr. G. R..... | Teaching Wyoming History by Counties,
revised edition. |
| Ellison, R. S..... | Monograph. Wm. H. Jackson, Pioneer
of the Yellowstone Park. |
| Savaresy, Marie Montabé..... | The Gift of the Waters—A Pageant. |

WAR

- Historical Department of Utah.....Utah in the World War.
- Caverley, ArthurCavalry Drill Regulations U. S. A. 1896.
 This book was used by Mr. Caverley's
 father in the Spanish-American War
 and on the fly leaf is inscribed, Robert
 Caverley, Major Commdg 3rd Squad-
 ron 2nd U. S. Vol. Cav 1898. Torrey's
 Rough Riders.

MUSEUM

- Fitzmorris, RobertConfederate \$50.00 Bill. Date Richmond,
 Va., February 17th, 1864 Loan.
- Kelsey, Harold1868 five cent piece. Loan.
- Ostrander, Major A. B.....Copies of the 26 pictures used to illus-
 trate his book "After Sixty Years."
- Wass, Mr. Samuel.....38 films used to illustrate, Mr. Wass'
 Theses "Internationalization of So-
 cial Activities."
- Owen, Mr. W. O.....Picture of Asa Moore, Con Wagner and
 "Big Ed" before being cut down af-
 ter being hung by Vigilantes in Laramie
 on October 18th, 1868. Picture of
 "Advent of the Rotary Snow Plow
 1890."
- Hartzell, Wm. One 1864 copper coin: one old Mexican
 Silver Coin, one German 10,000 mark
 paper 1922.
- Allison, Mr. Archie.....Wall map of Cheyenne, Laramie County
 Dakota Territory 1868.
- Clayton, Alfred G.....2 forest ranger maps of Washakie Na-
 tional Forest.

BOOKS

- Caverley, ArthurLoaned to the Historical Department, 2
 books. "Reflections on the Causes of
 the Rise and Fall of the Roman Em-
 pire, translated from the French.
 London, 1752. "A Collection of
 Poems" in six volumes by several
 hands. London 1763.

NOTE: Due to illness in the office staff it was impossible to make up the list of pioneer deaths during the year 1925.

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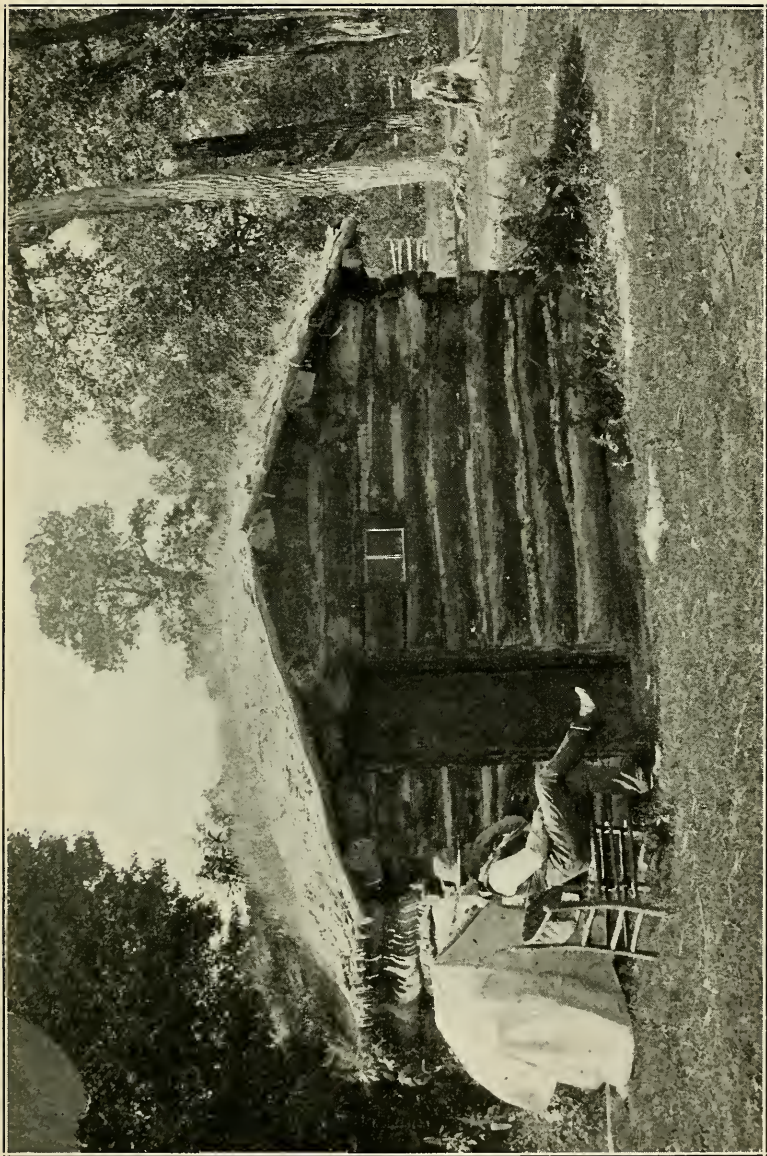
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This Cabin Was Built the Summer of 1871 by J. D. Woodruff. It Was the First Dwelling House in the Big Horn Basin



THE ADVENT OF THE ROTARY SNOW PLOW—1890
Left to Right: John Foley, Engineer; M. H. Mills, Assistant Superintendent;
Engineer Rotary Plow, Employed by Manufacturer

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WITH THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD IN EARLY DAYS

(By Morris H. Mills)

Wyoming pioneers had obstacles to overcome that were new features to pioneer life in the early settlement of the United States.

The Union Pacific Railroad crossed the southern part of the Territory at an average altitude of seven thousand feet and was first available as a means of transportation during the year 1868.

The Federal Government maintained army posts at Cheyenne, Laramie, Fort Steele, Fort Fetterman, and Fort Laramie, and the pay roll disbursements by the Railroad and the Government provided the only dependable means of support for the first arrivals.

As the construction of the road advanced, the operation of the stage lines east were abandoned, and in consequence, many of those formerly employed by the stage companies, together with the hangers on, naturally drifted over to the railroad, following the shifting rail terminals as the road building proceeded west. Thus a new territory was opened for settlement at an altitude that was then thought to make agricultural development impossible and the limited field for employment, gives a general line on the type and character of those who occupied the stage, during a period, which might be called, the first setting.

Only the more venturesome spirits endowed with that element in human nature that derives pleasure and satisfaction in surmounting obstacles remained, and in this list, the real pioneers of Wyoming can be found.

Free grass and open range naturally offered opportunity for those who engaged in the business of raising cattle and sheep, and this business has since been followed with varying success, depending upon fluctuating market conditions, and provision made for corralling and feeding, during storm periods. In fact a history of the cattle and sheep industry in Wyoming has been, and probably will be a history of the economic development of the State, although the more recent discovery of oil and the

manufacture of petroleum products has proven a most important additional resource.

Coming from the Chicago general office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in the early seventies, the narrator of this article secured employment on the Union Pacific and was assigned to the job of holding down the day telegraph office at Rawlins. Brother William, better known throughout the state as Billy Mills, had joined the construction forces of the Union Pacific Company in 1868, and at this time was a passenger conductor, on a run between Laramie and Green River, a position he held without an accident, for forty-eight years.

During the first day of my employment, at Rawlins, a commotion was created by the arrival of three or four men in a hay wagon, who had been engaged in cutting hay a few miles south of the town. This outfit arrived with horses on the run in an effort to escape from a band of marauding Indians that had run them off the job. In the getaway a member of the party was shot in the foot, producing a painful though not serious wound. The denizens of Rawlins collecting around the wagon seemed to view the incident nonchalantly but not so with the tender-foot kid from the East. That evening gathered around the office stove at Kirk's Hotel, were the well known Mountain Guides, Tom Sun, and Boney Earnest, Bill Hawley, Sheriff of Carbon County, and his successor in office, Jim Rankin were also present engaging in a confab over the day's occurrence. My questions regarding Indians doubtless branded me the tender-foot that I was, when the following conversation took place. Addressing Earnest, Tom Sun said that he didn't like the way them Injuns were behaving, that their movements and actions didn't look good to him. Earnest agreeing replied, that they, the Indians seemed to have it in for Rawlins and as for him he didn't want to be there at daybreak, the time Indians usually made an attack, and as for himself, he was going to beat it, while the beatin' out was good and get down to the Platte where the soldiers were close. All hands took their cue and did their part, and as a consequence the Rawlin's Telegrapher could have been found on the depot platform, sitting on his trunk, anxiously awaiting the arrival of east bound passenger train No. 4, Brother Billy Conductor, which was due to arrive at four o'clock in the morning. Whether the train would arrive in advance of the Indians, he didn't know.

As my reasons for quitting the country were seriously given, Garrett and Patterson, brakemen on the train were convulsed. Garrett rolling on the platform with laughter and exclamations that were anything but sympathetic; when Brother explained, that the bunch had simply been stringing a tender-

foot, and as far as Indians were concerned even then, it was as safe in Rawlins as it would be in Chicago.

About that time there had been so much delay caused by slow action in the working of government machinery, that the people living in the vicinity of Rawlins, had given up the idea of getting protection from Indian depredations through government aid. For example; in the case mentioned, a report was wired to the Commanding Officer at Fort Steele, fifteen miles east, during the afternoon of the day of the occurrence. In the afternoon of the second day following, forty-eight hours after the report was made, a troop of cavalry from Fort Steele arrived at Rawlins, when further delay was caused by shoeing some horses. When the fact that this troop had but three days' rations, and the Indians already had a two days start is taken into consideration, any possible chance for Indian arrests were remote.

Little wonder that a volunteer party of Rawlins citizens took matters into their own hands on a subsequent occurrence, when a band of renegades were overtaken and severely punished within a period of twenty-four hours, after which such depredations entirely ceased in that vicinity.

The government routine made it necessary for the Commanding Officer at Fort Steele to report to the Commanding Officer at Omaha, who in turn reported to the General in command at Washington, who in turn reported to the Secretary of War, who in due form reported to the Secretary of the Interior. Then the process was in due form reversed and when in due form the horses were duly shod and the rations were duly exhausted the offending Indians might have been engaged in running off a bunch of horses in a distant section, in another department, when the same machine could be set in motion in the same way, with the same results.

About a year later I was transferred to Laramie, being employed as train dispatcher and chief division clerk in the office of the Superintendent. At this period the operating divisions on the Union Pacific were known as The Platte extending from Omaha to North Platte. The Mountain extending from North Platte to Laramie, The Laramie Division extending from Laramie to Green River, and The Western extending from Green River to Ogden, the western terminus of the system.

In the history of American railroads no period developed more radical change in operating practice than took place in the seventh decade of the nineteenth century. During this period rapid advance was made in passing from hand to air brakes; from the Miller coupling hook to Automatic couplers in passenger service and a general start in substituting an auto-

matic device for the Link and Pin in freight service; from the old Chair clickety click rail joint to Fish Plates and Angle Bars and more dependable Nut Locks; from iron to steel rails; from eight wheel locomotives to ten wheelers, Moguls and the Mountain Hog type, from ten ton capacity to forty and sixty ton capacity freight cars; from snow plows of the Wedge type to the Rotary of the present day. Railroading in the days of hand brakes, soil ballast, light power, and mountain grades, entailed hardships that produced a type of employes that were a veritable survival of the fittest.

Old timers will recall the Jarrett Palmer Special that was chartered by a theatrical company to cross the continent from New York to San Francisco in record time for advertising purposes. This train departed from New York over the N. Y. C. proceeding via the Lake Shore, the North Western, and the Union and Central Pacific lines. Instructions to the Union Pacific Superintendents were to accompany this special and run as fast as they deemed safe. There was comparatively little tangent track on the Laramie division, alkali soil predominated, very little if any ballast had been placed, pine ties and light rails made slow speed a necessity for safe and successful operation and as a result the division had acquired a reputation for slow and cautious movement. As this special proceeded west from Chicago, public attention became focused on the speed record being made and naturally a desire to equal if not exceed former performance developed. The Union Pacific set a record pace between Omaha and Cheyenne and fear was being expressed by the rank and file that the old foggy division would spoil the prospects for making a record system run. We of the Laramie office had taken pains to see that this talk reached the ears of Shanks as Mr. Shankland the superintendent was called for short, and received encouragement from the fact that the "old man's" dander was being aroused. The special pulled into Laramie about nine p. m. Bill Allen was the engineer assigned to the run. The writer was on duty as dispatcher and gave verbal instructions to Allen that the bell cord attached to the superintendent was the speed limit. Allen replied that the bell was not working and that his first stop would be at Medicine Bow for water, which would offer the first opportunity for any speed reduction. But there was no occasion for bell plugging and the Laramie division proceeded to make the record speed for the entire run, not only the fastest mile, the fastest ten miles, but for the division and system as well. Engineer Bob Miller pulled this special between Rawlins and Green River and broke all records for speed between Bitter Creek and Rock Springs. It will be of interest to the readers to know that the

time of a little less than six hours made on this occasion is now being made under modern conditions between Laramie and Green River in daily passenger service and with perfect ease.

The district between Rawlins and Green River in the early history of the road was in many respects the most difficult from an operating standpoint, by reason in particular, of alkali water and also topographical conditions, which have long since been corrected. When this section of the line was being built all efforts possible were being put forth to meet the Central Pacific at a given point, at a stipulated time, and as a result, over the top was the quickest way to make progress and the necessary cutting through and straightening out, remained for future attention. That so called water was an alkali concoction that literally destroyed boiler flues faster than they could be replaced and it was not uncommon to see engines arrive at terminals that looked as if they had been white washed. This dope had the appearance of water until it was injected or pumped into the boiler of a locomotive and was subjected to heat, when it became a law unto itself and defying Aquarius and the ingenuity of man, this formation would shoot out through the smoke stack like a miniature geyser musing up everything and everybody with whom it came in contact. However, the ingenuity of man has since controlled this alkali mixture and by the application of a simple chemical process caused it to perform the uses that nature evidently intended.

Taking into consideration grades that generally follow the surface where the topography is mountainous, the short sidings, and spur tracks for meeting and passing trains, blind stations, power conditions, and storms, peculiar to mountain regions, the train dispatchers had to be veritable clairvoyants to qualify. Then there was the playful snow flake, augmented by numbers sufficient to form drifts higher than the tops of coaches, as was the case in the winter of 1875-6, when a drift of this depth formed on Creston hill more than a mile in length, that could only be protected from the shifting gales of that most severe winter by snow fences and kept open for the movements of trains by the use of Wedge plow outfits. Had it not been for the genius of Master Mechanic Shaffer of the Rawlins shop who at that time, in order to meet the exigencies of the situation, constructed the well known Shaffer plow that has since borne his name, the operating department of that day would have practically been obliged, as Bill Nye once said, "to sit down and wait for that much snow to melt."

The evolution of the snow plow could then have been followed by discarded exhibits that occupied a spur track at the Rawlins shops. Exhibit A can be imperfectly described as a short flat car loaded with scrap iron that might more aptly be called

shrapnel. At one end there were two boiler plates fashioned together about six or eight feet high bolted into a wedge shape with no rail contact, resembling more the shape of a canal boat than a plow. If a serious attempt to use this contrivance had ever been made it is hardly probable that it would have been on exhibition. There was another more pretentious exhibit which assumed the proportions of a small box car. This too, was weighted down with a floor covering of track rails with a view of adding tractive force. The business end of this more modern device for keeping the road open was a shovel, resembling a barn door placed at an angle of about forty five degrees. This platform appearing arrangement was covered with boiler iron and supplemented with V shaped plates set back four or five feet making sort of a dividing line that would act in separating the snow in equal volume and cover both sides of the track alike as it fell back. This device was evidently intended to be pushed ahead of an engine when as a matter of fact it would have caused less damage and been just as efficient had it been coupled in behind. With the advent of the Shaffer plow a practical but expensive and very hazardous means was afforded for keeping the road open. As is well known the Shaffer plow was constructed of boiler plates the wings extending well up protecting the stack. It is cemetrical in shape and bolted to the frame of an engine held the stage as the best method for removing snow until the advent of the Rotary. It tried men's souls to ride a Shaffer plow, coupled up short, ahead of two powerful locomotives when a run into hard snow would hardly penetrate its length. Then the trailers would pull up, couple in behind and with the aid of the shovel gang pull out and make another run. The work was hazardous, accidents were not infrequent, no body liked the job, but it was the only way.

During the few years following the organization of the Territory of Wyoming and before the people had an opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted, there was more or less incompetency shown in the administration of public affairs, and as a result county warrants were generally at a discount. In the later part of this period I occupied the position of secretary of the Albany County Central Committee on the democratic side, at a time when the late W. H. Holliday was chairman, and later, I occupied the same position in the Territorial Central Committee. This more or less close association with political affairs placed me in a position to note the beneficent effects of women suffrage in its first experimental stage in the United States if not in the world. It was not so much a question of exercising the right to vote as it was the fact that women could exercise this right and as to how those who did exercise their voting franchise would vote when a question of morals and good government was involved. Those active in the selection of candidates on both sides

soon learned that men of good character and a clean business had a decided advantage over those less fortunate regardless of party affiliations, and as a result, both parties were controlled in their selection of candidates by the women influence. Under this influence better government soon obtained, county warrants reached par, all occasion for toting guns disappeared, and life became as safe in Wyoming as in a New England village.

About the year 1878 the author of this article collected a number of Building and Loan Association plans out of which a plan was formulated that it was thought would meet the Laramie conditions and as a result the Laramie Building Savings and Loan Association was organized. Messrs. W. H. Holliday, J. W. Connor, J. W. Donnellan, J. W. Meldrum, M. C. Brown and Otto Gramm were active in the organization and making the association a success. Through the initiative of Mr. John Friend of Rawlins I was later invited to explain the Laramie Association's plan at a meeting of citizens held in a school house at Rawlins and as a result a Building and Loan Association was established there which was the second organization of this character operating in the Territory.

PIONEERING IN CROOK COUNTY

By Eva Ogden Putnam, Cheyenne, Wyoming

As the scroll of the years rolls back to childhood's time and its happenings do we I wonder get the proper perspective? Do we still see what happened then and the scenes of those times with the eyes of the child we were then or with the mature eyes we now have? I can not say, but I do know this, that what I saw in those early pioneer days of Wyoming and what I experienced then seemed as all right and life as good and as worth living as it seems today with all its conveniences and modern inventions.

When I first beheld Crook County, its grand old Sundance Mountain, its pine-clad Bear Lodge Range, its green valleys nestling at the foot of its many hills, I was only eleven. Some friends of my family, Mr. and Mrs. William Draper, and my brother, W. B. Ogden, had taken claims there in the summer of 1880. It was the next summer that I went there to visit them from my home in Central City, Dakota, now South Dakota.

The stillness I can yet recall. It cast a great loneliness over me because I suppose that I was away from home for the first time. In those days of making a new state there was no shouting from the house tops, but steadily, quietly, and surely the work went on.

What is now the Town of Sundance was then only a ranch home, occupied by Mr. Albert Hogg, a thrifty and honest old

German. His house, a small log cabin, was set well back at the very foot of the Bear Lodge Mountain that later was a back ground on the north for the little city that now for years has nestled at its feet.

What I especially remember about my first visit to this site that was to become a county seat was the cool natural milk house in which Mr. Hogg kept his dairy products. There was a cliff of rocks above and around and the cool little mountain stream coursing under, making a natural and ideal place for milk and butter.

In the fall of 1882 my father and mother, my brother, sister and I moved to a ranch five miles north of Sundance. My brother took a claim next to ours. We had taken thirty cows on shares from Mr. Walter Smead, then clerk of the Homestake Mine in Lead City. How we dared start on such a venture in the fall of the year on a totally new place with not even a house anywhere nearly completed, no feed for the cattle, no sheds, nothing, but the stuff pioneers are made of, is now a marvel to me.

Naturally (and it is just as well it is so) I can not recall all the hardships of that first winter, which I believe was as long and as cold as any Wyoming has ever experienced. I know we lived out doors until our log cabin was finished. Slept at night in and under our covered wagon. Set our cook stove up in the yard of what was later the house when finished. Had my mother not been accustomed to pioneering in Colorado and Montana so many years before, it no doubt would have seemed a much greater hardship than it did. To my sister and me, of course, it was somewhat of a lark, something new and different, and in the exuberance of youth that always appeals.

Strange to say we only lost one of those cows that first winter, but it was hard I know to get them thru alive, for I can still recall their skeleton looking forms as spring drew near, but as usual in Wyoming it was late in coming; and when Mr. Smead came to look his investment over before the green grass had put some flesh on his cattle, child that I was, I could sense that he was not well pleased. But he possibly knew that my father and brother had done the best they could under the circumstances, for we had his cattle for years. It gave us a nice little start in stock.

Our ranch was really beautiful. It lay in what we later named Pleasant Valley at the foot of the Bear Lodge Range. The only oaks in the state, I have understood, are in Crook County, and we had a goodly share of them up and down our creek. Toward the east was a fine view of Crow Peak Mountain and the grand old Black Hills. Never will I forget the beauty of the spot, and never did I tire of looking toward the east and lifting my eyes unto the hills. Each morning as we watched, "the morn in purple mantle clad walk o'er the dew of that high eastern hill," our world seemed made anew. That we had no phones, no elec-

tric lights, no water in the house no automobiles, no airplanes sailing overhead, did not trouble us in the least. Some one has wisely said, that, "What we do not know does not hurt us." It is just as true that what we don't know about does not bother us any either. In a hundred years from now our posterity may be wondering how we got along with what we have today, while we are thinking we have everything. The conveniences of today were not even dreamed of then in those early days in Wyoming nor not many of them any where else. We were happy and content in that simple life, altho I confess it would be very hard to go back to it now. We had health and an unbroken family. We had plenty of good wholesome food, milk, butter, eggs, cream, and from the first summer, a fine garden. We had beef and pork occasionally, and a neighbor, who was a hunter, would go up into the mountains any time we requested, kill and dress a deer, (no game laws then) bring it on his pony to our door for the big sum of one dollar. Sometimes these wild animals, so unaccustomed to being molested by man, would stroll down our valley in sight of our house in the day time. And one time after moving to our ranch my father saw a buffalo within a mile of our place, evidently one that had strayed away from its herd.

In the winter many men in the Sundance locality went to hunt the buffalo. I can not now recall where they went, I only know they brought the meat home by the wagon load. It is a very great luxury today, but then was quite a common article of food.

One of the happenings that made a very lasting impression on me was the murder of Mrs. Curliss who lived ten miles from us. People ten and fifteen miles away were counted as neighbors then, even if traveling was slow. We had only been on the ranch a brief time, but were comfortably located in our cabin. It was ten o'clock at night. We children were in bed, when there came a rap at the door, an almost unheard happening at that hour. It proved to be Mr. William Bowman, who lived at Rocky Ford. He came to tell us that that day, Sunday, while the Curliss young people were visiting some neighbors, the mother, Mrs. Curliss, was strangled to death. He came for my father and mother to go. The neighbors gathered at the Curliss home for miles around and stayed until the body was laid away. For the rest of the night after Mr. Bowman came I lay wide eyed and sleepless. Naturally a nervous child this was not a very good introduction to the new state of my adoption. It took weeks to recover from that shock. I never went out alone in the dark but I felt that someone was going to grab and murder me.

It was proven almost beyond a doubt that a tramp passing thru the country had been her murderer for the paltry sum of some thirty-five dollars that was in the house. The case of course had to be tried in Cheyenne, the nearest Wyoming court. Wit-

nesses from that part of the territory drove across the country the distance of three hundred miles in the dead of winter, and a very cold one at that. In the face of what the witnesses knew and had seen of this man, in their own minds there was no doubt as to who did the deed, but because the evidence was only circumstantial the man I think was allowed to go free.

When we moved to Wyoming in the fall of 1882 Sundance had a few buildings, a post office, a grocery store or two, and possibly two or three restaurants, and of course the inevitable saloon. In the fall of 1883 a school house was erected near Sundance Creek in the outskirts of the little town and a school started, the teacher being Mr. Elijah Bowman, son of the Willam Bowman spoken of above. For years now he has been a hardware merchant in Meeteetse. That winter I stayed at Mr. Draper's and walked thru the deep snow one and one-half miles to school. I was terribly homesick and would gladly have given all my earthly possessions to have been allowed to stay at home, but have been glad many times since for the persistency of my pioneer mother who was determined that her children should have, if possible, the education she would have liked.

The next winter my brother, who was then twenty-two took my sister and me every morning thru the very deep snow to this little Sundance School. We went in a home-made sled. It was only five miles, but sometimes the drifts were so deep that the horses could scarcely plow thru. We had to start by break of day to make it on time. We were up every one of those cold winter mornings long before daylight, and by seven were on our way; storm or shine we never missed a day I think of school that winter. Attending the school this particular winter were Fred Townsend, later and for years a cashier in a bank in Gillette. I think he is now in similar business in California. Ira Bowker, postmaster quite recently in Weston County county seat, and a resident of Weston County now for many years; two of the Bowman girls, Demarions and Cortelia, and one of the Bowman boys, Derealous, my brother, who took some mathematics in order to keep occupied during the hours my sister and I had to remain there. There were probably some eighteen or twenty of us altogether. Of that number, so far as I know, only two have passed to the great beyond, Eva Royster and Derealous Bowman, two such sturdy pioneer young people then that one marvels that they were the first to go and others of us less sturdy still here.

If we had always remained in the log cabin it would not have been in keeping with the progression typical of the hustling west.

In just two and one-half years from the time we moved to this ranch my father and brother unaided by anyone else built a good substantial house of five rooms, with rock cellar, pantry, porches and clothes closet. It was built of hewed logs weather boarded and painted without, and plastered within, and finished

completely before we moved in. It stood forth a gleaming white among the green trees near, and for those times was very good indeed. It was so well built and the logs so hidden from storms that it would not be surprising if it stood for many years to come a relic of and a sort of monument to those early pioneer days. The old ranch home is still in the family now owned by my nephew, Chester A. Ogden, and occupied by him and his family.

Could the old house speak it would have much of interest to tell of the happenings under its roof. Its doors were ever swung hospitably open. It was the headquarters for young people. We were seldom alone, especially summers for many former friends from our Black Hills home would come and often remain from two to four weeks; one a young lady teacher of Lead City and childhood friend, Ella Valentine, came several summers until her marriage. I often wonder now how many parents endured with such patience as ours, our parties and almost constant company, our comings and goings. I believe though that my father at least liked it immensely, that young life gathered about him.

The presiding Elders of the M. E. Church (as they were then called) always made their headquarters at our house when visiting the Sundance mission. I recall the Rev. Mr. Williams of Deadwood and Rev. Dr. Tarbell, as being guests.

The president of the State Normal School of South Dakota, F. L. Cook, was once our guest for two days and two nights and one of the teachers from this school, Miss Fockers a New York lady for a week.

Institute instructors were entertained there, among these I recall Professor E. F. Shell of the Model School connected with the South Dakota Normal and Mr. Cloud Rutter of the Terre Haute, Indiana, Normal.

Once Bishop Talbot, now senior bishop of the Episcopal Church, spent several hours in our home and stayed to tea, or rather, to a good old fashioned country supper, which he seemed to enjoy as much as we enjoyed his entertaining stories.

On a ranch one mile north of us about 1886 or 1887 located Mr. O. B. Chassell, a fine young and well educated man from Iowa who taught our Pleasant Valley school while "holding down his claim." He later became an ordained minister. I believe Sundance was his first charge. He has been prominently connected with the Methodist Church for years. He is located now in the east, but returns nearly every summer to Wyoming where he still has interests. With his fine christian character and splendid education he did much to influence for good the youth with whom he came in contact, and probably had more to do than any one else with inspiring my sister and me to go away to school and receive the education our mother so desired us to have.

His brother N. W. and Harry Chassell who also resided in Pleasant Valley, coming from Iowa soon after their brother, are

still residents of Wyoming, Harry figuring prominently in the political life of the state since then, having been state Senator several terms.

✓ However, Mr. O. B. Chassell was not Pleasant Valley's first teacher, but Miss Lonella Roadifer, of Terre Haute, Indiana, taught the first school in one room of our cabin, which had been our first ranch home. She adjusted herself so quickly to all conditions and situations that her influence was also greatly for good—She afterward taught in the Sundance Schools and was principal of the schools at the Cambria mines. For more than twenty-seven years she has slept in the Newcastle Cemetery, having passed to the great beyond when a young matron of thirty-one. She taught the Pleasant Valley School in the summer of 1885 or 1886 while teaching there she made her home with us and became one of the best and staunchest friends I ever had.

These are only a few of the many who found our latch string always out, each furnishing no doubt an unconscious influence for good or evil in the plastic young lives of my brother, sister and myself. As I look back I know that all who came there possibly did not help us weave into our lives beautiful golden threads as did these whose names are mentioned here and there thru this article. Some, it seems to me now had no influence whatever at least apparently not, while in none of them of those early days can I recall anything that could be counted really bad, or more than indiscreet.

Even those first winters were not entirely void of social times. We used to have big Christmas parties. I remember one was at the Kim home on Sundance Creek, one mile from town. We gathered there by the load and how we did feast. Evidently Mrs. Kim, whom I remember as a small brunette, had cooked for days. We visited and ate, then visited some more. The older ones gathered in front of a crude fireplace. We children seemed to hover near,, no doubt listening to the interesting pioneer stories, for I recall that my parents, at least, had plenty of them to tell of their life in Montana and Colorado.

One Christmas the neighbors came to our house. There were thirty-five of us all told. They came from long distances, some of them, and long before the shadows of night fell they had to take themselves away, for going was slow in those days and always there were the evening chores that had to be done when they reached home. The cows could never be neglected for to many of us they meant not only our butter but our daily bread.

After Miss Carrie Harper (who is now and has been for many years Mrs. B. F. Fowler of Cheyenne) came to Sundance our entertainments took on a more musical and literary aspect. The Kims had a piano, a very great luxury then; we used to practice there sometimes and give an entertainment occasionally in the school house, which was certainly a community center, al-

tho we never dreamed then of calling it that. It was used for dances, spelling bees, funerals, political meetings and everything of a public nature.

How I did thrill then over spelling bees. Some philanthropic person in town always offered a prize to the one who stood up longest. Joe Lytle and I were always the last two to go down, but I never quite won, much to my chagrin. Joe always came out champion and received the crowning laurel.

And, oh, what a day the fourth of July was! I never got such exciting pleasure out of anything as going to those celebrations. Looking back on them now I know how crude they were; some mediocre speaker possibly, a dance on a rough platform in what was known as Sundance Grove, a place near the creek and not far from the school house—a funny merry-go-round one year, on which only four could ride—no horses—no engine. You can imagine how very wonderful it was! Sometimes there was a barbecue—always there was the Declaration of Independence read, and always some sort of fireworks at night. We came from east, west, north, and south in our dress-up togs, a patriotic group. I wonder how many hearts today burn with such patriotism over such a simple display as did ours then. Today with auto races and airplane stunts and other exciting happenings, do the youth get one-half the thrills out of a celebration that we did then? Their lives are satiated with excitement and pleasure. Our lives would seem very drab to them, but in our few festivities we probably crowded as many thrills as they do today in a whole year of theirs. One year when a lawyer drove out to our ranch from town to ask me to read the Declaration of Independence, I thought I had reached the very pinnacle of fame. I know now I must have bored my patient, long-suffering family almost to tears as I made them all sit out in front of the house night after night, while I stood in our wagon at some distance, and practiced on them, to be sure that I would get my voice so it would carry to the very outskirts of the crowd on the great day. Here's hoping the latter did not feel duty bound to have to listen when the day came, and I don't suppose all of them did.

You have probably heard of cowboys shooting up a town. I can not think they ever did it with any idea of hurting anyone, but possibly to work off steam after a quiet and rather monotonous life—shot up in the air when leaving town somewhat fuller than when they came. They did this once while I attended school in Sundance. The shots rang out on the crisp air of a winter afternoon. That a bullet might go astray and enter our shell of a building I think never occurred to us. We scarcely gave it a passing thought. Like many other things that would seem strange and unpardonable today, it was then only a part of the times.

And when Sunday came on many ranches it was little different from other days, but how thankful I have since been for

Christian parents, who, in spite of there being no church or Sunday School to attend, always made the Sabbath a little different from other days. I can still see my father on a summer Sunday sitting in the shade of our humble home in what he then called a boiled shirt, his shoes freshly polished, enjoying to the full the rest and peace and quiet of the Sabbath day. He would sit and read for hours, often the Bible, with which he was quite familiar. While not an ordained preacher he was licensed to preach and to marry people, and often was called upon to go miles to say the last sad rites over the dead, or join in wedlock some happy couple.

It was not until 1887 or 1888 that Sundance had a real minister. It was then only a mission connected with the Dakota conference. The first preacher was Rev. Dudley, who came there from Iowa with his pretty young bride.

And brave souls were they. They cooked, washed, ironed, ate, slept, and entertained their company in a small bed room of the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Gates. The house set then where the residence of Mr. Bush, the Sundance banker, has been now for a great many years. The room was altogether too small even for the purpose for which it was intended, being not more than eight by ten feet, I would say, and to think it had to be a whole house for these young people.

But never a complaint from them. The beautiful white tapering fingers of the girl bride had to wash and hang out clothes and do all the household tasks to which, judging by her very beautiful hands, she had never been accustomed. Thirty-two years later, and now several years ago, I met Mrs. Dudley on a Pullman car—and thru a strange coincidence learned who she was. For all those long years, not since those early days of youth had we looked upon each other's faces. She is now very prominent in missionary circles of the M. E. Church, holding a secretaryship in the Topeka Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. I wonder how many will recall this youthful couple who did pioneering for God in that new country so many years ago. Rev. Dudley was tall, slender and dark. Mrs. Dudley had as beautiful a head of red hair as I have ever seen. She was only nineteen—was girlish and charming.

A niece of President Garfield, Mrs. John Hawkin, came to Sundance sometime in the eighties, I think about 1884. Her husband had a ranch several miles out of town on which they lived. I met her and her mother, Mrs. Trowbridge, sister of Mr. Garfield, one winter at the Draper's when I was boarding there. They visited there several days. In the following spring Mrs. Hawkin died. I think the pioneer life seemed very hard on her, and her mother seemed not at all pleased because her daughter had married a Wyoming rancher.

B. F. Fowler, who came to Crook County in his early manhood, I should say about 1884, to begin the practice of law, later

became Attorney General of Wyoming; A. P. Hanson, also a pioneer of Sundance, became United States Surveyor General; W. S. Metz, a lawyer in this small town in quite an early day, was later Judge of the Fourth District; his son, Percy, a mere infant when his father practiced law there, is now judge of the Fifth District; J. L. Baird, who also was counted among the old timers in this part of the state, was not many years ago state treasurer; Eugene Hoyt (can scarcely recall Sundance when he was not there) was Register of the U. S. Land Office, and the Joe Lytle spoken of earlier in this article, was Receiver of the same.

Miss Rose Harper, sister of Mrs. B. F. Fowler, a beautiful and attractive girl, graduate of the Chicago Conservatory of Music, was probably one of the most charming young women who ever graced a western town. At the time of her death, just twenty-eight years ago, she was music teacher in the Cheyenne High School, but away back in earlier days she made her home with her sister in Sundance.

Strange it may seem that to this small town thoroughly western in every respect and off the Railroad should have come many of education and culture but it was true, not only concerning those mentioned herein but there were dozens of others who have found since then a place of prominence in the social and intellectual world of other towns much larger than Sundance. Who knows but their experiences there may have well fitted them for a larger broader life.

The Beach Family Magazine, Volume 1, Number 1, made its appearance in January. This is a new venture in the magazine field in Wyoming and it should be well received. The publication gives the genealogy of the Beach and Allied Families and is intended to be an aid to research workers who desire to trace their ancestral lines. Mrs. Beach is an accredited genealogist. The magazine is ably compiled and edited by Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Beach of Casper.

NOTICE

There are many requests in the office of the State Historian for copies of the Historical Quarterly Bulletin which was published from July, 1923 to April, 1925, inclusive, and which has been out of print for more than a year. These requests come from individuals and from Historical Societies who desire unbroken files of our State's history. Any one having any copies of the Bulletin and not caring to keep them will confer a favor by mailing them to State Historian, Room 305, State Capitol, Cheyenne.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN DWIGHT WOODRUFF

Even before his birth it was willed by Destiny and written in the stars that John Dwight Woodruff was to be one of the fine, true instruments used in the building of our Great American West. The pioneering instinct was part of his splendid inheritance from a long line of sturdy ancestors. In his case, this instinct was early quickened to reality for it was as a small boy, less than two years old, that he accompanied his parents when they left their home in New York State and moved with the ever swelling tide to the land of promise in Illinois. Thus did environment place its seal on the will of Destiny.

The great-great-great-great-great grandparents of John Dwight Woodruff were Matthew Woodruff and his wife Hannah who, seeking a new continent to conquer, came to America from England before 1640. By 1640 Matthew had settled as an Original Proprietor at Farmington, Connecticut, which was to become his permanent home as it remained that of his son Matthew Junior and of his grandson John. The fourth generation in the person of John Woodruff Junior, began to grow slightly uneasy at such a long established residence and evinced this by taking up his abode in Milford, Connecticut. In turn John Junior's son, Jonah, located early in life at Waterbury, Connecticut. Then came the period following the Revolutionary War when the need of expansion and the lure of the little known territory which formed the western border of the new states, called those who were strong to move onward. Philo Woodruff, son of Jonah, with his wife and family heard and heeded this call. They left Waterbury, Connecticut, to pioneer their way through the wilderness and they eventually settled in the beautiful Susquehanna Valley at the then new town of Windsor in Broome County, New York. Now Philo and his wife Lucy Tuttle Woodruff had a son John who was in his early teens when this westward trip was made. This John grew up in Windsor and was married there on April 24th, 1834 to Miss Lucinda Mariah Dimick whose parents and grandparents had also journeyed to New York State from Connecticut at even an earlier date than had John's parents. Is it any wonder that John and Lucinda Mariah Woodruff should obey when the next call came to move toward the setting sun? Is it any wonder that they felt the urgent necessity of leaving their home of peace and plenty for the task of building a stronger nation? It was in the summer of 1849 that John Woodruff with his wife and family of five children left Windsor, New York. Going to the Great Lakes, they journeyed by water to Waukegan and from there made their way by wagon to Bonus Prairie in Boone County, Illinois. The youngest member of John and Lucinda's family to make this trek with them was their son John

Dwight Woodruff—the subject of this biographical sketch—then not yet two years old.

The big family bible, in the hand writing of his mother, records that John Dwight Woodruff, son of John and Lucinda Mariah Dimick Woodruff, was born at Windsor, Broome County, New York, on December 20th, 1847. Since it would be impossible for his recollection to hold any trace of the pioneering which was part of his second year of existence, then his earliest memories would be those of his Illinois home and of the struggles necessary to subdue an untamed prairie land.

Now as John Dwight Woodruff was the last member of the family to be born in New York State, so Edward Day Woodruff was the first child to see the light of day after their arrival in Illinois. Being of a near age these brothers played, chummed, grew up together and were always very close in sympathetic understanding and affection. It is from the one, my uncle, and the younger who was my father, and sometimes from the mutual reminiscences of the two together that I have obtained the facts now set forth. The vivid realities of boyhood days were undimmed by later years of adventuring through life.

That the chinch came in hordes just before harvest time and destroyed the first two crops planted by these new settlers was of little interest to young Dwight then not quite three or four years old. But before many more months life was a fascinating round of interests and activities. There was lye to be made from the hard wood ashes, used later in making soap,—and the fire to be kept under the big soap kettle when it was actually bubbling its allotted days in the yard. Of course there was “bar soap” to be used for washing faces,—Kirk’s soap,—but it was hard to obtain in those days. Sometimes the home made soap took the skin off along with the dirt. There were candles to be made, the boy’s part being to double the wicks and tie a knot in one end so they couldn’t slip through the points of the moulds,—and put a small stick through the loop at the other end to keep the wicks in the center of the candles. The hard job was getting the candles out of the moulds, after they were made. And weren’t they living in a wonderful age when the first “fluid lamps” came into existence and made it possible for father,—(who had been apprenticed to a tailor in his youth),—and mother to sew at night on the many garments needful to clothe their brood. Following the lamp, the household acquired a sewing machine, that most marvelous invention of the times, and what a saving of labor it meant in those days when everything was made by hand. In fact nearly all things used by the pioneering folk had to be made by themselves and labor was paid for in home produce. There was very little money in circulation. In winter there was school in the red school house and spelling bees and bob sleigh rides and singing school. In summer there was work to do helping the

hired man, Elisha Strong, wild strawberries to be gathered down by the stream, occasional fishing to be attended to, nuts to be gathered after the early frosts and John Dwight's especial job was tending a herd of cows through the lazy prairie summer days,—embryo cattleman. John Dwight and his brother Edward Day each had a miniature farm. They used fire bush for their logs and with it build wormwood fences, cabins, barns, wells and well sweeps, everything they could think of and Dwight who was very ingenious with tools, made wagons absolutely complete in every detail, to add to their equipment. With each added year came added duties. There was the fall harvesting to be attempted where they could make two dollars a day if they were able to follow the pace set by the leader. The daily mail wagon must be driven from Bonus to Belvidere and return, for their father now held the contract to carry the government mail. He also had an agreement by which he distributed milk for certain farmers. He was proprietor of a thriving general mercantile store. All this, plus the farm, provided ample work for everyone.

Then came the Civil War in 1861. The oldest son of the household had died in 1858. The second eldest boy promptly marched away to aid the Union Cause. This left John Dwight and Edward Day with their father to shoulder all the work at home, a small but useful rear guard. Feeling ran high. From the vivid descriptions that have been given me I can visualize the gatherings of the friends and neighbors, the discussions of the vital questions of the day, the excitement of escorting a rebel from the vicinity, and I hear the campaign songs that were sung. No wonder the tenets of Abraham Lincoln and his Republicanism were burned so deeply into the hearts and minds of both boys that they were to be ever after an inseparable part of their lives. John Dwight tried three times to enlist. Finally the recruiting officer told him if he didn't go home, stay home and stop being such a nuisance, it would be necessary to throw him out on his head and to notify his father in the bargain.

In 1865, following the close of the war, John Dwight developed a persistent bad cough and general symptoms of ill health. That same summer a neighbor by name of Gardner, came home from the west where he had been hauling freight in Colorado. He said there was big money to be made in that business. He intended taking two or three teams, loading them with merchandise, and driving back west with them as soon as possible. He persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff that such a trip and a new climate would make their son Dwight strong and healthy. Consequently they finally consented to his making the journey. To be sure, it meant an end of schooling but health was the first consideration. This impending separation was hard for the two brothers who had romped and worked together always. To one was the disappointment of being left behind. To the oth-

er was both the sadness of leaving home and the thrill of beckoning adventure. It was decided that they were to leave the following year and that Dwight would drive one of Gardner's teams for him. It was also decided that Dwight's older brother Dorr was to accompany the party driving his own team. (Dorr had been released from Andersonville Prison at the termination of the war.) Their destination was Longmont, Colorado. Thus in the early spring of 1866 while John Dwight was eighteen years of age, he started on his journey to the great West,—the west which ever after was to be his beloved home. He faced this new land practically alone for his brother Dorr, feeling the effects of his war wounds and of his long confinement at Andersonville, had sold out to Mr. Gardner at Council Bluffs and returned to Illinois. It was on July 4th, 1866 that John Dwight Woodruff arrived at Longmont, Colorado. His cough had disappeared and never again was he to be troubled by even the shadow of ill health.

Soon after camping in Colorado it became necessary for Dwight to find something to do. Mr. Gardner was staying barely long enough to dispose of his supplies and merchandise. The first work he found was on the ranch of a man named Titus who had a big place at that time,—but a bad reputation as to pay—"He always skinned out of paying his men, through some hook or crook, if he possibly could." It was a summer of hard work. When fall came John Dwight hadn't received a cent of his wages and he simply had to have his money to carry him through the winter. He tried to get it several times,—but it wasn't any use. Finally one day the cook told Dwight that the "boss" had gone to town and was expected to bring some money back with him, but he felt sure no one would ever see a cent of it—unless they "knocked Titus down and took it away from him." Dwight was desperately in need of his pay, and he made up his mind he was going to get it. He saddled his horse, rode to a spot which he knew Titus would have to pass on his way home and waited there all afternoon behind a clump of bushes. Towards evening, just as Titus reached the place where Dwight was hidden,—Dwight stepped out and invited him to put up his hands. Titus didn't lose any time doing as he was told by the sober faced young fellow who had the drop on him, but he said:

"Well, Woodruff, you're starting in on this sort of thing rather early in the game, aren't you?"

Dwight replied to the effect that that was his own personal responsibility and added:

"Now I know and you know just how much you owe me,—and I know how much money you have with you. You're going to take the amount you owe me and put it on this flat rock—right here where I can see you. I don't want a cent more than is com-

ing to me. When you've done that, you can take your horse and go—and we'll call it quits."

This Titus was compelled to do, but he asked Dwight never to tell any of the fellows what had happened. He didn't want it said that he had been held up by a young tenderfoot for wages he hadn't paid. Of course, he could deny it, but he never would have heard the last of it. Dwight pocketed his money, promised not to say anything about it,—said that they'd call it square. Titus said to show he was ashamed of his actions, he would like Dwight to continue to work for him, but Dwight refused, so Titus started for his ranch as hard as he could go and Dwight rode over to the settlement. It was many years before he mentioned this incident to anyone, many years before he even told it to his brother. Doesn't this dramatic little episode prove that the boy so recently from Illinois was already a man of the West, resourceful, resolute, brave, taking the best weapon to see justice fulfilled but not abusing its use, above all, square and honest with himself as with every one else.

We do not know exactly where his wanderings took him between the time he left the employment of Titus in Colorado in the fall of 1866, and the spring of 1867 when he was at Ft. Laramie in Wyoming. It is very evident that 1866 saw him on Wyoming soil. Certain it is that in that period he rapidly developed into an expert mountaineer, hunter and trapper,—as he was later to display his ability as the finest of scouts and guides. His own words can best tell this chapter, as well as glimpse his sentiments towards his chosen State. I quote in full the address delivered by him at the Pioneer Reunion held at the State Fair of Wyoming in September, 1921: "For the reason that I am a very indifferent speaker, and for fear that I might become embarrassed and not be able to say anything at all, I have written down what I want to say. I envy the man or woman who can stand up before an audience, look around and say, Ladies and Gentlemen, and then open their mouths and have the words come out as smoothly as warm molasses out of a cracked jug.

"I have been asked to make a ten minute talk on the growth and development of Wyoming. I believe I know as much about the past, present and future of Wyoming as anyone, still to get it into words and sentences, to make an intelligent talk, is a different matter,—so have made it more in the nature of a reminiscence which is easier for me.

"About three or four years before the U. P. R. R. came west, another boy and I in our wanderings came to Crow Creek and camped about three miles below where Cheyenne now stands. We each had a saddle and pack pony and each a Hawkins muzzle loading rifle, some powder and lead. We had some flour, soda and salt and a sour dough pot. We lived mostly on wild meat and by a miracle escaped the Indians. Most people speak of Wyo-

ming as being a wilderness at that time. It did not seem so to me then nor does it seem so now as I look back. To me it was always a land of many attractions. Its sagebrush plains, its grassy hills and valleys and most majestic mountains were always beautiful to me and I never got tired of looking at them. And when I ask my Great Spirit to take care of me, when I am through with this world, I do not ask for the pearly gates or golden streets, nor for harps, haloes, wings or white robes. Such a jew layout doesn't appeal to me in the least. But I ask Him for a good camping place in a beautiful valley like one of those in Wyoming, where I might stay through all eternity. I would want it just as it was in the early days before the advent of the fanatic, when there were sometimes courts of justice, but no court of law, no preachers with their petty quarrels over creeds, no prohibition, no income tax with its unsolveable riddles, no locks or bolts. The old time mountaineer did not require any of those things. Facts counted far more to him than did fables or myths or isms and right and justice without forms of quibbles was his religion. He did not take much stock in faith. He was willing to go from this life on his record asking only the benefit of a doubt and not professing to know where he was going, any more than from whence he came.

"Wyoming or Dacotah, as it then was, was the home of the buffalo, the wolf and other wild animals and some roving tribes of extremely hostile Indians. In all of this part of Wyoming except a small section at Fort Bridger and aside from Fort Laramie, there was no white settlement and there were no white people living. Now as I travel over it and try to find some of my old camping places on lower Wind River, Clark's Fork, Stinking Water or the Yellowstone, I am lost and bewildered,—and when I stop to think that all of this change took place in one short life time it seems almost inconceivable. Where there was a trail, now there is a graded highway, and we have traded the sore nosed, white eyed cayuse for an automobile. Where we once camped with our buffalo robe and sour dough pot, there now stands a magnificent hotel surrounded by a city or village with all the luxuries that a railroad brings. And the wealth of farms and people and school houses,—we have seen it all come. First the Trapper, prospector and scout,—then the boom cattle days with its picturesque characters,—the stage coach and road ranch with its flies, bedbugs and greasy cook. Then came the shepherd and his dog with days and months of solitude and the criticisms of those who did not understand why he blew his earning on wine, women and song. Then the derrick and drill which have brought untold wealth to Wyoming and its people, and civilization with all its complications and perplexities—including the dry farmer whose only visible means of support seems to be an over supply

of faith and hope and occasionally a damage suit. I would like to live twenty-five or thirty years more just to see how he comes out.

"Every change brought its griefs, sorrows and burdens, as well as its joys and pleasures and now as I look back at it, knowing full well that I am on the down grade and close to the jumping off place, I realize that it has been a most glorious life, one that can never be duplicated,—and I am thoroughly satisfied with it.

"The growth and development of Wyoming in so short a time has been marvelous, but I feel certain that the next fifty years will show as well or better than the past fifty and that it will continue to grow and expand until it will be one of the richest and best states in the Union. It is true that just now we are passing through a time of serious depression like all the rest of the world, but that is only an incident and is temporary and when the sun of prosperity shines again, Wyoming will be among the first of the states to recover.

"I love Wyoming. I like its sagebrush and sand, its cactus, horned toads and ticks as well as its hills, valleys, mountains and streams, and its glowing sunshine. I like it because it is hard, rough and unyielding and because one must make a fight to gain its favors and because one can appreciate the good things of Wyoming so much better after the struggle of conquest, than as though they came without effort. It is a grand and glorious state and I am thankful to have been allowed to spend my life in it and when I pass to my happy hunting ground, I will be proud to register as from Wyoming."

As has already been noted, John Dwight Woodruff was first a hunter and trapper, an all round mountaineer who not only knew the country far and wide but also thoroughly knew its moods. He knew Ft. Laramie, Ft. Bridger, Ft. Brown (later Lander) and Ft. Stambaugh in the South Pass region in some of their earliest and wildest days. He saw the time of the pony express, the stage coach and its road ranches. He prospected,—and during the Indian troubles he became a scout, guide and Indian fighter.

Countant's History of Wyoming,—Vol. 1, page 670,—says, "Among the first to investigate the reported gold fields at South Pass in 1867 was J. D. Woodruff. He was at that time engaged as hunter at Ft. Laramie, and being invited to go with some parties to the new gold camp, accepted the invitation. He did not remain long nor did he have an opportunity of investigating critically, yet he saw enough to induce him to return to the camp a year or two later, when he became a permanent resident of what is now Fremont County. Since that time he has been prominent in business and public affairs and the promoter of many of the most important enterprises in that part of the state. His

life work has been closely connected with the development of the Territory of Wyoming, the State, the County of Fremont and the City of Lander where he has resided for many years. He is by nature a pioneer and a builder and what he has accomplished will be told in the history of Fremont County and in the record of State Legislation."

It is said that he is believed to have been the first white man to discover Wind River Canyon,—through which the Burlington Railroad and the Yellowstone Highway have since been built,—while prospecting in what is now known as Copper Mountain. I have no knowledge as to whether this is true or not.

The story J. D. Woodruff tells, of himself and three companions taking refuge from the Indians in a Buffalo wallow and after three days of fighting being saved only by the appearance of a second Indian war party which did not know of the whites' existence but which frightened the first bunch of Indians away,—the two bands of Indians being of different tribes and at war with each other at that particular time,—is a true incident in his life.

My father, Dr. Edward Day Woodruff, told me that the "Indians were afraid of Dwight, he was so fearless and daring, so resourceful and his coolness carried him through so many tight places. One time the Indians ran off a bunch of horses and among them was Dwight's favorite pony. Next morning the men started after them. They hadn't gone far when they saw several of the horses grazing on the top of a steep little hill. The only way to reach the top of that hill was through a narrow draw running up its side. Dwight said he saw his pony up there and he was going up and get it. The others tried to stop him but he wouldn't be stopped. He said the Indians were too busy getting the main bunch of horses to safety, to be hanging around these few that had gotten away from them. So he started up the canyon,—and everything looked as peaceful and quiet as could be,—until he was about half way up. Then the bullets began to fly from behind the stones and bushes. The Indians had used the horses to entice the men into the draw. Dwight whirled his pony and flew down the canyon. He expected to be shot or have his horse stumble on the rocks at any minute, but he got out with a whole skin,—and Dr. Maghee who told me the story, said that just for curiosity he took Dwight's wrist and counted his pulse. He thought it had been a close enough shave to make Dwight excited for once,—but it hadn't. The pulse was perfectly normal, 72 beats to the minute. After that the Indians thought it was no use to fire at Dwight. They said he made good medicine,—they would point straight at him, and he would make the bullets go 'round so they never hit him."

Another "close shave" which proved that the fates were watching over the destiny of J. D. Woodruff occurred in those early times when he was out trapping wolves, and was by him-

self. One day while away from his camp, the Indians found it and though it was only the small camp of a lone hunter, they destroyed and burned it. Seeing the smoke and knowing at once that something was wrong, he cautiously scouted around until he ascertained the cause of the trouble and he realized that he would "have to make a lively get-a-way" if he wished to keep his scalp lock. The thick underbrush allowed him to reach the Big Horn River safely. Here he laid under the bank for eleven days while the Indians searched the entire vicinity for him. By good fortune he had a line in his pocket, so he caught cat fish and ate them raw. In telling me this incident, J. D. Woodruff finished with these sentiments,—“and since then, somehow, I never have cared much for fish of any kind. Last summer up in the same locality, a gentleman was stalled for a few days until new parts arrived for his broken down car. He was cussing his luck and the fact that his cuffs were dirty and he hadn't had a clean shirt for two days, till I was disgusted and I told him he didn't have anything to be peevish about. That if he had to lay under the river bank and eat raw fish for eleven days he might cuss, but under the circumstances he was in luck.”

On the other hand J. D. Woodruff and Chief Washakie, that grand old chief of the Shoshone tribe, were firm, true friends for many, many years. They hunted together, lived together, philosophized together, and held each other in the highest regard, as big strong men ever do when they recognize the worth of their brotherhood and find in each other honor, affection and understanding.

To describe the life of J. D. Woodruff during these stirring frontier days is impossible. It was too varied, too vivid, and I have but fragments of the whole to sketch from. The following adventure is but one more bit of a very interesting whole. However it is a story that will not be found in official records: One time there were fourteen fellows, J. D. Woodruff among them, started out from Ft. Brown (Lander). They were going into the mountains to spend a season hunting and trapping. Only four of them returned from this excursion. The Indians killed the rest. The following winter these four decided to hunt wolves, there being a big bounty on the pelts. But the night before they were ready to leave town, J. D. Woodruff had a very peculiar dream in which his mother asked him as a special plea from her, not to go on this expedition. When he got to thinking about it next morning, he determined to obey this request. He told the boys about the dream and he said, “You know that I don't believe in such things—never have paid much attention to them—but I just guess I won't go with you fellows this time.” Not one of that hunting party came back. Of the original fourteen J. D. Woodruff was the only one the Indians didn't get. Next spring he went out after the Indians, as Sheridan's guide. In

scouting around he came across the body of Bob Anderson. Now Bob Anderson was one of the fourteen who had been his particular friend. He didn't like to leave the body there so he went to Sheridan and asked for half an hour's time and some men to help bury Anderson. Sheridan's reply was, "No sir,—we can't stop to bury dead men." That made J. D. Woodruff mad and he came back with, "Well, you and your damned army can go to hell. I'm going to see that the best comrade I ever had gets a decent burial." Sheridan needed the good services of his guide and he knew he did, furthermore he realized that the situation was not one to warrant his first hasty decision. He halted, ordered out some men and did everything he could to help in the burial of Anderson.

(Note—This Bob Anderson is not to be confused with Ben Anderson who later was a friend and business associate of J. D. Woodruff's. They are two separate Andersons.)

J. D. Woodruff was a Government scout for a number of years during the period of Indian warfare. I think he was in the Bates Battle with the Arapahoes on July 4, 1874. I know that he was guide for Sheridan's Military Expedition from Ft. Washakie to the Little Big Horn. Also that he guided Capt. Mix's Military Expedition from Ft. Washakie to Ft. Custer. The Government military records and the records at Ft. Washakie should hold full details on this phase of J. D. Woodruff's activities. He was on various scouting trips when Jim Bridger was likewise a member of the company, and has expressed his appreciation of Bridger's natural gifts as a guide. He was with a Government outfit when Sargeant Addick or (Addix), a soldier who had been lost, brought into their camp on the Badwater,—where Lost Cabin now is,—a pocket full of exceedingly rich gold quartz or nuggets from some source which no one since has ever been able to locate. Later J. D. Woodruff and a friend and companion named Jimmy Lysite went back to look for the source of the gold. The Indians killed and scalped Lysite on the creek now bearing that name but J. D. Woodruff got safely away. (Jimmy Lysite was one of the men forced to take refuge from the Indians in a Buffalo wallow, along with J. D. Woodruff, some years earlier. Also it was the lure of the hidden gold that on another occasion sent Woodruff with Judge Kirkendall in a gold seeking expedition as far north as the Greybull River). He took part in several military expeditions against the Sioux Indians and by his participation in the quelling of the Indian outbursts and troubles, is entitled to be counted prominently among those trail breakers who prepared the way for the coming of the permanent settlers.

John Dwight Woodruff and Eugene Topping at a very early date entered and thoroughly explored the Upper Yellowstone Geyser Basin, then little known. Eugene Topping described this

trip in a book he wrote called "Chronicles of The Yellowstone" published in 1885. In 1870 J. D. Woodruff was with the Washburn party which entered the Yellowstone. Coutant's History of Wyoming, page 295, says, "This party, (called the Yellowstone Expedition), was headed by Surveyor General of Montana, Henry D. Washburn, accompanied by Hon. N. P. Langford, Cornelius Hedges, Walter Trumbull, Samuel T. Hauser, T. C. Everts, Benj. Stickney, Warren C. Gillette and Jacob Smith all leading citizens of Montana. It will be observed that the U. S. had not up to the last date spoken of (1870) succeeded in sending an expedition into the park. The gentlemen above referred to, like those who went to the park in 1869, were unable to procure an escort of U. S. troops, and yet 63 years had elapsed since John Colter had penetrated and made known the wonderland of America." J. D. Woodruff was one of the guides for this Washburn party.

That all during these years the keen perception of J. D. Woodruff was visioning the future possibilities of his beloved Wyoming is evidenced by his actions at the close of the Indian wars. He immediately turned his attention to the cattle business. As his headquarters he selected a site on Owl Creek (close to where it flows from the mountains) in the Big Horn Basin, and 150 miles north of Ft. Washakie. Here near the head of Owl Creek, his nearest neighbor 150 miles away, J. D. Woodruff built a log cabin for himself. He was the first white settler in the Basin country, and this his home was the first white man's cabin in what is now Big Horn County. This cabin still stands on what at present is the Embar ranch and is the property of Col. Jay L. Torrey. It is a one room log house and originally the floor was dirt covered with buffalo bull hides which are about two inches thick and so made a tough warm covering on which to walk. Not only was J. D. Woodruff the first white settler in this wide expanse of wild territory,—not only was his cabin the first home to make a permanent stand in this section of Wyoming, but the first herd of cattle,—(the beginning of the cattle industry)—, was taken into that Basin Country by Mr. Woodruff. All supplies for this ranch had to be brought from the nearest white settlement at Ft. Washakie some 150 miles away.

Of course the Indian wars were over but it was necessary even then to keep one's eyes open to avoid trouble with the Indians. They didn't have any objection to shooting a white man if he wasn't looking and no one else was around. They used to come and ask for sugar and coffee. Just to avoid having hard feelings J. D. Woodruff usually gave it to them, but one day he refused to "pony up" to a couple of husky old bucks and they acted pretty nasty and threatening about it. Being too far from civilization to care for their company and being tired of their continual begging, J. D. Woodruff squared around until he was in

the right position, then he grabbed up a good thick club, belted one of the old fellows on the side of the head and knocked him out cold. He expected the second buck to be right after him, and was ready for it,—but no sir,—the old fellow, he simply doubled up with laughter, laughed till he had to hold his sides. Then he'd look at his friend stretched out on the ground and he'd laugh some more,—evidently thought it an especially good joke of some sort. After a while when the first Injun came to,—they “mosied away sort of casual like” and none of the Indians ever bothered the ranch much after that.

The Bare Story written by J. D. Woodruff himself is a true incident of the early Owl Creek days and pictures not only the country but gives in his own words his sentiments toward the spot he selected from all the miles and miles of virgin territory to make his home, and his happiness there though so far away from contact with those of his own race.

At one time in the early days of this cattle business, J. D. Woodruff and a friend named Ben Anderson pooled their hard earned savings in order to buy cattle in partnership. When they had accumulated what they considered a sufficient amount Ben Anderson went to Bozeman, Montana, to make the purchase. Not wishing to carry the gold around with him, Anderson deposited it in a Bozeman bank the day he reached there. Next morning this bank failed,—closed its doors, and all the savings of the two men were lost.

J. D. Woodruff was the pioneer of the sheep industry in Wyoming,—which is now one of the greatest wool states in the Union. The first flock of sheep to reach northwestern Wyoming, was driven from Oregon, down over the Oregon Trail and across Wyoming to the Wind River Indian Reservation—(in what is now Fremont County) by J. D. Woodruff in 1876. For this reason he holds the honor of being Wyoming's original sheep man. There were 6000 sheep in this flock and it took five months to drive them from Oregon to the Wind River Reservation. While enjoying all the trip over the Oregon Trail had to offer, with the keen enjoyment the great outdoors always afforded him, still it required tireless vigilance on the part of J. D. Woodruff and Tom Hood (of Casper) who assisted him, to bring the flock through with the splendid success they did. Thereafter Mr. Woodruff secured from Chief Washakie the privilege of herding and grazing his flock on the Reservation, until such time as it was necessary to secure leases for the same privilege from the Government at Washington. Still later this particular section of the Reservation was ceded by the Indians to the Government and thrown open to the Public for settlement and so was no longer available as pasture for these flocks. In that connection I quote the following article which was published in the Shoshoni Enterprise in 1921: “J. D. Woodruff and J. M. Teeters who

comprise the Woodruff Sheep company, recently closed a deal for the purchase of what is known as the Shorty or Henry Holland ranch, which is located about one mile north and east of Bargee, and on what is known as the ceded portion of the reservation. The place consists of 440 acres of fine grazing land and the deal included the water right for 140 acres. Some of the finest springs, to be found anywhere are located on this ranch. One of the most interesting features in connection with this deal is the fact that this ranch was the site of Mr. Woodruff's first sheep camp in Wyoming. He is a pioneer in that line in Wyoming and when he first brought sheep to this part of the country he established his camp on the site of this ranch. This was in 1877, or 44 years ago. Mr. Woodruff lived and made his headquarters at this camp for three years while looking after his sheep. As the land was included in an Indian reservation at that time no title could be obtained to it, and when it was thrown open for settlement later, the site of the old camp was taken up by other parties. Now after a cycle of 44 years, it has come back into the ownership of the original settler."

At one time J. D. Woodruff had his brother Dr. E. D. Woodruff associated with him in the sheep business and this partnership was continued for a great number of years.

He served his state in a legislative capacity three different times. He was elected to serve in the first and third State Legislatures,—(after Wyoming became a state in 1890)—, as Senator from Fremont County. In the fall of 1922 he was again elected to the Legislature, this time as Representative for Fremont County. This last time the election returns were so overwhelming as to be a personal tribute to J. D. Woodruff, and to his worth and standing in his community. His community,—in the land he had grown to know and to love as a mountain wilderness, where he had broken the trail that others might follow in his pathway and where he had builded a foundation of mingled deeds and visions that was firm and fine beyond all telling. And it was on this foundation that he helped to mould the future destinies of his State through his sound judgment and discretion, his fearless action, and his constructive viewpoint, in its early legislative halls. Truly the election to the Legislature in 1923, was after all, but a small tribute to offer one who had done so much for Wyoming.

Always engaged in the cattle and sheep industry from the time he first became interested in that business, still J. D. Woodruff did not entirely confine himself to that sphere, and was active in every business enterprise that promised to promote the welfare of the country. About 1884 he built the first ferry across Wind River just above Merritt's Crossing. (Merritt's Crossing is nearly a mile from the Speed Stagner Place.) This ferry was used by the round up and others, to cross in high water,—until the first bridge was built across the Wind River by the Department

of the Interior in 1887. In the spring of 1886 J. D. Woodruff sold this ferry to W. E. Ehler.

One of the first general stores in Lander, Fremont County, was that of Mr. Woodruff who erected a building to house his business. At the present time this building is being used as a garage. This mercantile venture was later sold. He also built, equipped and for several years successfully ran a flour mill at Lander. All the machinery for this flouring mill had to be freighted in from the nearest railroad point which was about 150 miles distant. This mill was also eventually sold.

In association with Jean Amoretti and John Higgins he was one of the organizers of the Lander Electric Light and Power Company.

Long before oil was ever thought of in that district, J. D. Woodruff and B. B. Brooks bought and developed the coal mines at Big Muddy in the western portion of Converse county, the mines being just one mile from Big Muddy station on the north side of the river, and about 35 miles west of Douglas. Here they had a complete town of their own and the mines were connected by rail with the Chicago Northwestern Railroad. For several years J. D. Woodruff lived at Big Muddy and as executive head and active manager of the mines and their associated interests, made them the successful producers they were. This entire enterprise was finally sold to outsiders. It is not strange that having had the connection with the development of the coal industry just mentioned, plus his vivid interest in early day gold mining and his general interest in the natural resources of Wyoming, that Mr. Woodruff should be found in the vanguard of those whose faith was firm in the progress of the state's newer oil industry.

Several years were spent in Mexico in the early 1900's where an interest in large tracts of timber had been acquired by J. D. Woodruff, B. B. Brooks and C. B. Richardson. There was also a lumber mill in connection with the venture, but the troublesome times between the United States and Mexico forced them to sell out and leave Mexico.

John Dwight Woodruff was married to Miss Josephine Doty in Chicago, Illinois, on March 14th, 1883. Their romance began in Wyoming where Miss Doty was teaching school. She spent the early part of 1883 with her fiancée's brother, Dr. E. D. Woodruff and his wife at their home in Rock Springs, Wyoming. From there she went east and was joined by John Dwight Woodruff and their marriage took place in Chicago. Of a kindly, thoughtful and generous nature, with a decided artistic ability, a devoted wife and mother, she has left behind her the memory of her strong yet lovable personality. She passed away November 4th, 1920, a victim of tuberculosis which appeared and developed rapidly the last few years of her life and against which she fought

a hard but losing battle. It was her desire to be laid at rest in Ogden, Utah, beside her two sons who had been buried there,—and this wish was fulfilled.

Three children were born to John Dwight and Josephine Doty Woodruff,—all boys. In order of their birth they were: Dwight John born at Ft. Washakie, Wyoming; Fred Doty born at Ft. Washakie; and Charles Leon born at Lander, Fremont County, Wyoming. Fred Doty passed away when not quite sixteen years of age and Charles Leon died a short time before his twentieth birthday. The loss of these two sons was a grief beyond all telling to both John Dwight Woodruff and his wife,—a grief which all their lives burdened a corner of their hearts wherein their children were enshrined, though they did not allow it to make gloomy the outer aspect of their days.

Desiring to add a girl to their family of young boys, John Dwight and Josephine Doty Woodruff adopted Bessie Aurelia Rice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rice of Lander, Wyoming. They took her into their home when she was a very small baby, raised her as their own, loved her as their own, and she was known as Bessie Woodruff. Though of no blood relationship whatsoever, though belonging to them only through their voluntary actions in taking her into their family she held as firm a place in their affections as though a daughter born.

John Dwight Woodruff passed away at his home in Shoshoni, Wyoming, on Saturday, June 6th, 1925, at 2:55 P. M. Death was due to the after effects of influenza. One of his ears became affected,—the ear “that would gather and break when I was a little boy and mother would keep hot poultices on”,—and an operation was necessary to save his life. The operation on the ear was successful and though greatly weakened by this prolonged illness, his splendid vitality slowly but surely started him on the road to returning health when an unexpected stroke brought unconsciousness and within a few hours John Dwight Woodruff had gone on the Great Adventure in search of his Happy Hunting Ground and of his loved ones who awaited him there.

He was laid at rest beside his wife and two sons in Mountain View Cemetery at Ogden, Utah, on June 11th, 1925, services there being conducted by the Masonic Order as were those which were held at Shoshoni, Wyoming. John Dwight Woodruff was a Thirty-Second Degree Mason and had been a member of that Order for a great number of years. He is survived by his oldest son Dwight John Woodruff with his wife and two children,—Corina Claire and Clifford Dwight Woodruff. Of his brothers and sisters but one survive him,—an older brother Russell Dorr Woodruff of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Thus has passed from our ken a man who loved Wyoming with the same fine loyalty in which he held his true friends;—a man who loved its great out doors and solitary places and knew

its moods by heart and yet one who also loved his fellowmen and found great pleasure in mingling with them. In turn his keen wit and philosophy, his varied experiences, his whimsical way of expressing himself, his honesty, candor and farsightedness made his presence welcomed by all. He hated hypocrisy, graft and sham, in every form, above all else and vigorously and uncompromisingly fought against them up to the very last. J. D. Woodruff was one whose sturdy independence of thought and action, whose courage, whose vision and whose deeds marked him a true Pioneer,—a pioneer whether living in the early years of his life as hunter, trapper, scout, guide and Indian fighter; whether entering early manhood as a cattle and sheep man; whether serving in legislative halls or whether acting in later life as a mature business man of sound judgment and experience. He was a true Pioneer in the broadest sense of the word which means that he was a Builder whose understanding, constructive work, under all circumstances and all conditions, was for the welfare of the land he loved. No finer type of citizenship can be conceived. To the memory of John Dwight Woodruff the State of Wyoming should ever bring its deep appreciation of his worth and its keen gratitude for his accomplishments.

Do you remember that when describing the peace and beauty and plenty of the first home he built for himself on Owl Creek, John Dwight Woodruff wrote as follows: "O well, I still dream, and my earnest prayer to my Great Spirit is that when I die I may have that old camping place just as it was, to endure through all eternity, with all its variety of sunshine and storm, its winter and summer, its joys and sorrows, with eternal youth, and all that goes with it, and I would promise and agree (with a clothesline stretched between two of those shady trees with some baby clothes hanging on it, added) that I would never throughout all the ages to come, through all eternity clear to the end of time, go prospecting very far away." He has left us to make the journey to his Happy Hunting Ground;—may it prove to be the land of his dreams.

Written February, 1926, by Mrs. Lesley Day Woodruff Riter, daughter of Dr. E. D. Woodruff and niece of Hon. J. D. Woodruff.

September, 1880. During the evening I called at the studio of O. S. Goof, the Indian photographer, and procured some photographs of Sitting Bull, Low Dog, Crow King, Running Antelope, Gall and other Indian Chiefs. Before finishing them I submitted them to Major Ilges, and other Army Officers who knew the Chiefs personally. In securing the one negative of Sitting Bull I had to pay the Bull \$100.00 to get him to sit for the picture, and in addition I had to pay him a commission of thirty cents on all sales.—Coquina.

CHARCOAL PITS

To the Editor of the Bulletin:

I read with much interest the letter of the Hon. John Hunton in the Bulletin of April 15, 1925, and wish that this beloved old timer could give our members more of his knowledge of Wyoming territorial days. I doubt if there is a man in the State who is able to furnish as much reliable historical data. When John Hunton went to Wyoming in the 60's he had the advantage of a good education, something that perhaps a majority of the pioneers did not have. He always was a keen observer, and was recognized among army officers and the citizenry in general as a man of superior parts. His long lifetime of unbroken residence both in the old territory and state also make him particularly qualified to write of early-day events, men and progress.

If I am not mistaken Mr. Hunton built the first log house on La Prele, Creek, not counting, of course, the buildings at Fort Fetterman which were located at the mouth of that stream. Also I am sure he burned the first pit of charcoal on that creek in 1874, unless perchance, the soldiers made some at an earlier date. This Hunton charcoal pit is very distinct in my memory for the reason that I was assigned to watch it at night with buckets of mud prepared to patch up any spots where the flames burst through. I also remember that some of the men in our camp (bullwhackers) tried to make my job as comfortable as possible by telling me that I would, standing in the light of an occasional blaze that burst out, be a shining mark for a bullet or arrow from a lurking Indian; and I frankly admit that I was nervous and lost no time in pasting up the breaks to shut off the light.

Hunton's cabin and blacksmith shop were just inside the Fetterman military reservation, and, in company with Mr. Hunton, I visited the site in 1921, and we were able to locate it from surrounding landmarks, including a slight fall (or "riffle") in the creek.

Just recently—after reading Mr. Hunton's letter about Fort Laramie lime burning—I ran across some historical records in my possession that may add interest to Mr. Hunton's statement, viz.:

The first report sent to the Secretary of War from Fort Laramie was dated June 27, 1849, and was signed by Major W. F. Sanderson, commander of the post. In it he says:

"The entire command, excepting eight men for stable police, are employed in cutting and hauling timber, *burning lime* * * * cutting and making hay," etc., etc.

WILLIAM FRANCIS HOOKER,
New York, May 15, 1925.

ACCESSIONS FROM JANUARY 1st, 1926 TO APRIL 1st, 1926

- Gillette, Mr. Edward.....Book, "The Iron Trail," by Edward Gillette.
- Camp, Mr. Chas.....Quarterly of the California Historical Society, Vol. IV, Nos. 2, 3, and 4. These numbers contain the Diaries and Reminiscences of Jas. Clyman, edited by Mr. Camp. Mr. Camp says: "Historically, Clyman's papers fill many gaps in the published records. First, the expedition in 1823 and 1824 through Great South Pass with Ashley's men—Jedediah S. Smith, Thomas Fitzpatrick and William L. Sublette,—Clyman's accounts, which apparently have never been referred to, are by far the best knowledge we have of this epoch-making trip."
- Fourt, Mr. E. H.....Two copies of magazine edition of The Riverton Chronicle.
- Fuller, E. O.....Internal Commerce of the United States (1839) contains History of Wyoming written by Robt. Morris.
- Hebard, Dr. Grace Raymond.....Civics for use in Wyoming Public Schools by Dr. G. R. Hebard.
Revised edition of History and Government of Wyoming by Dr. G. R. Hebard.
- Gereke, Mr. A. J.....Constitution, By-Laws, Rules of Order and Scale of Prices of Wyoming Typographical Union, No. 184. Printed by Cheyenne Daily Leader, 1890. Pamphlet was in fire of the Wyoming State Tribune Publishing Co., basement of Old Opera House, Capitol Avenue, property of J. M. Carey & Bro.

MUSEUM

- Woods, Eddie (Loan).....Pocketbook, and three cent piece (1857) carried through the Civil War by his father.
Bullet which took off Father's arm at shoulder during Sherman's march to the sea. Invitation to Basket Picnic and Cotillion party. Date June 25, 1859.

- Meanea, Mr. F. A.....Large framed poster, "Leading Firms of Cheyenne, 1872." This poster carries the advertisement of "Stephen Bon, Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Leather and Findings. All kinds of Fitted Boot and Gaiter Uppers. Wholesale and Retail, Sixteenth Street." Joslin & Park were dealers in "fine native gold jewelry of every description;" E. Nagle, Wholesale and Retail Grocer and Commission merchant at Seventeenth and Ferguson; Gallatin and Gallup had a harness shop on "Seventeenth Street opposite the Post Office, Post Office box 335;" George E. Thompson had a Boot and Shoe Shop "on Seventeenth Street opposite Col. Murrin" (Murrin's Saloon, 315 West Seventeenth Street); T. Dyer was proprietor of Dyer's Hotel with "Restaurant Attached," and was located on Eddy Street between Sixteenth and Seventeenth. This same poster lists Express offices in Wyoming at Antelope, Aspen, Benton, Bryan, Church Buttes, Fort Casper, Fort Halleck, Piedmont, Point of Rocks, Rawlings, South Pass, St. Marys and Table Rock.
- Very large Frontier Poster showing pictures of the 1911 Frontier Show. The illustrations which form an all-around border of this poster are unusually good. There is no difficulty in recognizing "Prairie Rose" on Gin Fizz, Charlie Irwin lassoing a steer, Charley Hirsig driving a buggy, and Jack Elliott riding a bucking broncho. "Steamboat" is standing quietly after having unseated his rider who lies on the ground where Steamboat has lodged him. These are good historic relics of the days that are past.
- Myers, Mr. Ed.....Six framed specimens of artistic sign lettering; one porcelain platter said to be more than 100 years old.

- Geddes, Mrs. F. H.....Two badges worn by former Judge Homer Merrill. N. O. Exposition badge, date December 28, 1885; Inauguration of F. E. Warren April 9, 1889.
- Kennedy, Judge T. Blake.....Framed copy of New York Herald. Date April 15, 1865, containing news of the assassination of President Lincoln.
- Gereke, Mr. A. J.....The following photographs: Ferguson Street, looking North. About 1883. Freight Train "pulling out for the Black Hills," Ben Smalley on Wheel Horse. About 1876, at 19th and Eddy Streets. Cheyenne Club House. About 1880. Sixteenth Street looking West. About 1874. Court House and Jail, About 1870. Judge Carey's residence. About 1884. Central School. About 1886. Hon. M. E. Post residence, Ferguson Street, About 1887. Presbyterian Church. About 1881. May Terrace. About 1883. String of Wild Horses, Ed. McCarty's. Frontier Days, 1922.
- Boruff, Mrs. Mabel C.....Large Picture of Jim Bridger for framing. Picture of Bridger's daughter, Mrs. Virginia Bridger Hahn, age 77 years.
- Carroll, MajorCoat of Arms of 115th Regiment of Cavalry Wyoming National Guard.
- Erickson, E.....Two pictures of "Teddy" (The Cody Horse) the winner of the long distance endurance race from Evanston to Denver in 1907. The large picture taken before starting and the smaller one after two days' rest in Denver.

DOCUMENTS

- Teeters, Mr. J. M.....Letter from the late J. D. Woodruff to Mr. Teeters; letter from Mr. Teeters to State Historian explaining the Woodruff letter.
- D. A. R.....Photostatic copy of first census taken in Wyoming, 1870.

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

Edward Ordway Sr.

Hebard, Dr. Grace Raymond. Manuscript by Mr. T. S. Garrett.

Arthur J. Dickson.

GENEAOLOGY

Mrs. Cora Beach.....Beach Family Magazine, Vol. 1, No. 1.

Riter, Mrs. Franklin.....Of J. D. Woodruff.

NEWSPAPERS AND CLIPPINGS

Mr. CunyMorning Oregonian, Jan. 11, 1926. Contains Holmsley Story.

Riter, Mrs. Franklin.....Collection of clippings kept by the late J. D. Woodruff.

Jones, Jessie S.....History of Reprint of Ulster County Gazette of January 4th, 1800.

Wyoming Labor Journal.....Bound copy of 1925 Files of the Wyoming Labor Journal.

Lockard, Frank M.....Wild West Reminiscences by F. M. Lockard.

PAMPHLETS

Lusk, Frank S.....Sketches from Wyoming Life (1909) by Bert Leonard Knight.

Lockard, Frank M.....History of Black Kettle by F. M. Lockard.

Carroll, Major.....The story of the C. M. T. Camps.

A TRIBUTE

Lame Deer, Montana, March 14, 1926.

On Thursday last, March 11, following an impressive service at the Mennonite Mission here a little procession of Cheyennes made its way up among the pines bearing all that remained of Eugene Standing Elk, Chieftain and trusted Government scout of an earlier day. The burial ceremony was simple—a prayer in the native tongue, while bronzed men stood with bowed heads as the casket was lowered, and women and children gave subdued expression to their grief.

Among the graves, an old woman, leaning upon a staff, was crooning a dirge which voiced their sorrow over a departed tribesman and the woe of a race that has reached another milestone in its passing, and evening shadows were gathering in The Valley of the Two Moons.

ARTHUR J. DICKSON.

